

THE REPOSITORY.

A DEVONSHIRE TRADITION.

"It is old and plain;
The spinster and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it."

It was on a Saturday night, about the latter end of October, in the year 1638, that the little ale-house at Widdicombe in the Moor, in Devonshire, was crowded with villagers, who were in the habit of concluding the toils of the week with the genuine home-brewed, for which the landlady, Peggy Dodcombe, was famous throughout the moor.

Among them was Guy Clinton, the nephew of the parish vicar; a man who had reached the middle stage of life, and though reputed wealthy, and of good extraction, either from choice or necessity was rarely seen except in society far beneath the rank he had a right to assume. He had till lately, lived abroad from his youth, and had been much at sea; but, as the service in which he had engaged never transpired, it was conjectured that the Spanish Main, and the neighbouring haunts of the Buccaneers, had been the scenes of his exploits. This conjecture was in a measure confirmed by the overbearing insolence of his demeanour, and the unrestrained licentiousness of his conversation.

On the return of Guy to his native land, his venerable uncle at first received him with affection and kindness, as the orphan son of a beloved sister; but his habits of debauchery soon rendered him a guest unmeet for the quiet walls of the vicarage; and, after repeated attempts to reclaim him, he was desired to seek another residence.

This was a matter of perfect indifference to Guy; he had been too long accustomed to a frequent change of quarters, to prefer one house to another; and the Drake's Head furnished a table at least equal to his uncle's, and a cask much more ready for the tap. He was, besides, looked up to in the public room as one whose "voice potential" was at all times admitted to be decisive on every point to which it addressed itself.

On the night referred to, the conversation had turned on pisies,* and ghosts, and other supernatural beings; and stories horrible or ludicrous succeeded each other with unabated volubility. Here Guy was quite at home; the phantoms of the deep he described with a chilling minuteness, which had a visible effect on the nerves of his auditors. Guy declared he had seen Davy Jones, as the enemy of man is called by mariners, unnumbered times; sometimes in the shape of a flickering flame at the head of the vessel—at others like a huge bird on the topmast, a hundred leagues from land; now in the storm, howling along the deck, like a furious mastiff, for his prey; and now in the calm and quiet moonlight, like a waiting female, ahead of the ship, endeavouring to entice the pitying seamen to their destruction. "In short," said Guy, "I have seen him in almost every shape; but I have never yet had the luck to meet him."

"So much the better, Master Guy, I should think," said one of the villagers.

"No doubt you think so, Lawrence Tollfree," replied Guy, "because you know you'd rather tumble headlong into your mill-head in December, than go within gunshot of the churchyard after dark by yourself; but don't measure other folk's corn by your own bushel—which, by the way, every body says is somewhat of the smallest. But here sit I, who fear nothing either above or below me; and if there is one thing that would please me more than another, it would be just to have a night's carouse with Davy Jones: he's a jolly fellow, I'll warrant me, and as

full of strange stories as an old sea chaplain." Guy closed his wish with an oath, which we must be excused repeating.

The profane wish of the sailor caused no slight sensation among the party, which was increased by the sudden appearance of a stranger, handsomely dressed in a dark-coloured suit: his hat was overshadowed by a plume of black feathers, and partly concealed a pair of eyes deeply seated in his head, but which glowed through them like the noon-day sun through opposing clouds.

The stranger called for wine, and mingled in the conversation with a deep and thrilling voice, which gave his observations, always of a sarcastic nature, an effect that drew on him the entire attention of the company. Guy was delighted with him, and a high degree of good fellowship speedily grew up between them; but the subject of their intercourse soon became of a nature which their companions did not by any means enjoy. They spoke of crimes of the deepest dye, as familiarly as though they had been their daily habits; and on sacred points became so outrageously blasphemous, that, one by one, the villagers withdrew, and left Guy and the stranger in the full enjoyment of each other's society.

Many were the hints given by Peggy Dodcombe of her wish that they would retire: to which, however, no attention was paid, and the louder her remonstrances grew, the louder was the laugh, and more licentious was the language, in which they were drowned.

At length the village-clock tolled the hour of midnight, and Peggy could restrain her temper no longer. "Away, sirs," said she; "is it not a shame that you will pay no regard to a lone woman, who has nothing but her tongue to trust to: were my arms as powerful as my will, I trow you would not be here long. For God's sake, away: the cock will crow ere long, and the devil's hour's come."

"So much the better, Peg," said Guy; "why, the devil's hours are the pleasantest, woman—Eh, comrade?"

"Truly, I hope you'll find them so," answered the stranger, drily.

"At least I'll try them," said Guy, "so you will bear me company; therefore, Peg, fetch us another flagon, and pledge us ere you set it down."

"Not I: an you will stay, you'll get neither drink nor light." So saying, Peggy snatched the candle from the table, secured the doors, and went off to her bed.

She left not, however, darkness behind her; a red glare, like that of summer lightning, pervaded the room. Guy knew not whence it proceeded; but it was so bright on his comrade's face that he could not look steadily on it. He was about to remark on this, when the stranger produced a flask from his pocket, and handing it to Guy, said, "Our hostess mistakes if she thinks to keep us here dry-lipped; try this, Master Guy, and tell me when you drank better canary."

"Never, never," said Guy, after a long draught; "it tingles in my veins like the pulse of a lover, when he gives the first kiss to his lady;" and Guy drank deeper than before, and thought no more how the room was lighted, or how so small a flask could furnish such plentiful libations.

Still the morning advanced—new songs were sung, and new stories told. At length Guy produced dice, and challenged his comrade, who readily agreed to try a few throws. Fortune alternately sided with each, but at length fixed with the stranger, and by dawn Guy had lost his all: he went on, however, and at length found himself a loser of a hundred marks, without the means or the hope of payment.

"Now, sir stranger!" said Guy, at last, throw-

ing the box from him, "how think you I may best pay you these monies?"

"Nay, I know not; your business is how—mine is only when: and, for that matter, I cannot wait."

The cool and determined manner in which this was uttered enraged Guy, who poured out a long volume of abuse on his creditor, who noticed it only by a long and bitter laugh, concluding by reiterated demands for immediate payment of the debt.

In order to escape from the scene of his misfortune, Guy at length burst open the door and rushed into the air. It was a beautiful autumnal morning; the wind was brisk, and wafted the mist along the wooded hills, sometimes concealing them in its silvery veil, and sometimes revealing them in the luxuriance of tint. Guy walked swiftly along, the unknown keeping ever at his side, till the bell of the church was heard in the distance, calling the villagers to early worship.

"Ha!" said Guy, stopping suddenly; "perchance my uncle would assist me in this strait for once; but I must not speak of the thing to-day;" and turning to the stranger, said—"Come to me to-morrow, and my losses shall be paid."

"Not I, Master Guy—I leave you not, though you walk to eternity, till every farthing is paid. I should be less cunning than men repute me, were I to trust a gambler."

"Villain!" exclaimed Guy, and lifted his hand to strike—but ere the blow fell, his arm sunk powerless by his side. Guy shuddered for the first time as he turned from his persecutor, and proceeded with rapid strides towards the church. His uncle was just entering the sacred edifice when they reached it, and Guy, more anxious than ever to rid himself of his creditor, followed the vicar; who, turning round as his kinsman addressed him, beheld the wild look and bloodshot eye of the reveller with mingled feelings of anger and grief.

"Guy! Guy! why bring that drunken leer and staggering gait into the house of God; shame on you—get you to bed, and scandalize not the villagers by your presence."

Guy told his necessities, and requested aid.

"The little gold I possess must feed the sick and needy of the flock committed to my charge, not supply the excesses of drunkards and gamblers."

Guy began to utter protestations of repentance, and promises of amendment.

"If you would truly repent, and are sincere in these promises of reform, Guy, give me at once a proof of it. Leave this companion of your wickedness, be not guided by false notions of honour—he has already possessed himself of all your wealth, what would he more? Leave him, and with him the sins and follies in which you have delighted—fly in penitence to your Maker, and what he deigns to pardon, your uncle will strive to forget."

Guy put his hand to his brow, where a cloud of grief was gathering, which vanished and gave way to its naturally fierce expression, as the deep voice of the stranger exclaimed, "Guy Clinton has long been known for a desperate man; his hand has been red with blood, and his purse filled with the gold of other men; but who has ever heard that he withheld what the dice have given."

"Who may this be, that knows more than I would might be known! Alas! Guy! that these sacred walls, where you lisped your infant prayers, and which enshrine the hallowed remains of her who bore you, should be witness to this fearful accusation! But what is passed may not be recalled, and your sins, though as scarlet, may yet be cleansed. Come with me!"

The good priest seized one of the arms of Guy; the other was grasped by the stranger, at whose touch he felt as though his frame was stiffened into marble. "Hear me, Guy Clinton; what I have said

* In Devonshire, fairies are called pisies.

thou knowest to be true. I seek no advantage over thee. Try with me one more throw ; if the chance be thine, I give thee back all I have won from thee ; if thou lose, consent to be my companion still, and never commodore gave orders to you whose power may compare with thine.—Do you agree ?”

“I do,” said Guy, shaking his uncle fiercely from him, and rushing to the holy altar, produced the dice. Horror-struck at the sacrilege, the pious vicar hastened from the church, followed by the yelling laugh of the stranger. He encountered several of the parishioners in the porch, to whom he was expressing his wounded feelings, when an exclamation, uttered in a tone of triumphant derision, “Guy Clinton’s mine !” was heard from within. The atmosphere, which a moment before was bright and cloudless, suddenly became darkened ; a tempest of unremembered violence thickened around them, but the roar of the wind could not drown the shrieks and groans and yells within the church, till one fierce peal of thunder had burst over their heads, and one horrid glare of lightning had wrapped the whole scene around them in a momentary blaze ; then entire silence succeeded, and the sun shone as brightly, and the breeze played as gently as before. The door was opened, and the church was found to be vacant—but it had been the scene of a fatal struggle, the evidence of which yet remains in stains of blood that, to this day, are not effaced ; and the annals of Devon still record the terrors of that storm.

gines lies in his way. His narrative resembles a ship's course in working to windward, which is fain to yield obliquely to the blast, in order to weather her object indirectly, and fetch her port in the end; for though in a conversational cruise he may make twenty digressions, and fly off in chase of every strange sail heaving in sight, no sooner has he 'run 'em down,' than he will 'close haul his wind,' and resume his original course—as in the following sketch of Cornwallis's celebrated retreat—

"'Come, Jem, spin us a yarn,' says one of the forecastlemen to another, one night as we were cruising in company with the "Channel fleet" which were blockading Brest.—'Come Jem, you've neither tipped us a stave or spun us a twist this week.'—'Well, as its a fine moonlight night,' says Jem, 'and no signs of reefing, and moreover, as that 'ere "jib-and-stay-sail Jack"' hasn't charge of the deck, but a genman, as can keep the ship in her station without worrying the watch—I doesn't care if I do.

"'Well, I believe I was telling you t'other night, there was three or four o' us drafted from the *Brunswick*, seventy-four, into the *Billyruffin*,† (the Ball-o'-rope-yarns, you know,) a ship as seed more sarvice nor any other what swam the seas. I did my duty in both ships alike—bowman o' the barge, and second-captain o' the foretop—and, though I says it that shouldn't, could toss a bow-oar and haul out a weather caring with any fellow in the fleet. Well, you see, the time I means, we belonged to a squadron of five sail of the line, two frigates and a brig, under old Billy-blue,‡ as brave a fellow as ever wore a flag; and as we were running along the land one morn, close aboard the Penmarks, you see—to conitre, as they calls it, a French squadron as was skulking in Billile anchorage—down comes a galley-packet on the lower deck, to say as how the *Fec-ton* frigate had diskivered more nor thirty sail of the enemies' fleet standing-out on a wind, with every stitch they could crack. Well, you know, before you could turn the quid in your mouth, there was a nitty fore and aft in the ship.

"'We'd three or four bullocks 'twixt the guns on the main deck, we'd got from a ship as either comed from Cawsand or Torbay; and blow me if I don't think they nosed the French were in sight, for they tained to a-bellowing like a bunch of boatswains. Well, just as we'd turned the hands-up make sail, one on 'em breaks from his birth (seeing as how it wasn't for the second captain of the fore-

* A nickname given by men-of-war's-men to those officers, who, from either inexperience or an unnecessary display of the martinet, torment the men, when a ship is attached to a fleet, by perpetually "making and shortening sail," to keep her in her station.

† *Bellerophon*.—It is a curious coincidence, that this ship, which will be found in naval history to have been more frequently engaged with the French than any other British man-of-war, should have been the ship on board of which Bonaparte took refuge after his flight from Waterloo.

‡ Admiral Cornwallis.

"A Melee. Cornicallis's Retreat; with the first of June.—A Galley Story.

"That sailors are a remarkably plain, downright race, no man acquainted with their character will deny. Devoid of all guile, a seaman never seeks to disguise his object; though he may sometimes be found 'veering and hauling' to get rid of some difficulty which he ima-

top to be lagging astarn on the forecattle (ladder); he runs aboard o' me tail o'nend, takes me clean under the counter with one of his horns, and heaves me from the waist half way up the weather fore rigging, over the heads o' all the other topmen.— 'Why, Jem, a send like that was enough to have started your starn-post,' said one of the group which had assembled between the sick-bay and starboard side of the galley-grate.— 'It's as true as I'm here,' said Jem, 'and I took such a liking to the beast for it, that a'ter he was killed, cut up in the coppers, and his hide hung out on the spritsail yard-arm, I gives a half pint o' grog to the butcher to make a marlingspike out o' the very identical horn what gave me the heave.

"Well, howsomever, we clapped on the canvas, and badgered along, "on a bowline;" all night, as we stood at our quarters, we were trimming, tacking, manuvring, and taking every 'wantage o' the wind, what was weering and hawling just like the pull of a back-stayfall: but it oftner favoured the French—for at daylight, you see, they weathered our wake, coming up with us, "hand over fist," in three different divisions.

"Well, there was the Brunswick and we in the *Ruffin** lagging together astarn, (for it wasn't in the natur of neither to run from an enemy's fleet,) and, as they never larnt it from no one afore, no, not a leg would they willingly budge. Both on us started our water, cut our bower-anchors away, bundled o'erboard the boats from the booms, and did every thing mortal could think on to shove 'em along.

"Well," says Sam Smith, (as was one o' the Brunswickers afore, and quartered with me in the top at the time,) 'Jem,' says he, fixing his eye like a firret, and fetchng a heave from his heart, as he looked at the ship as his brother was killed in; 'Jem,' says Sam, 'I've just been a thinking the Barkyt was born to be bang'd.—I'll bet you,' says he, 'ay, six months' pay to your plush,'† (for it happened that day I was "cook o' the mess,") 'she's sarved out the same as the *First o' June*.'

"Ay, that was the day, and had more on 'em stuck to their birds like the *Brunswick*, there had been less breezes and bloody noses at Sallyportstairs.‡ I shall never forget it as long as I live; we'd been trying for three days afore to bring *Crappo* to box,§ but 'twas only our weathermost ships (the *Ruffin* among 'em)

what skrimaged at all on the first day; and as for the second day's work, why, the less we says of it the better. Then, you know, on the third and fourth, both flyers and fighters was humbugged with fogs; though the 31st, to be sure, we might have brought 'em to a general scratch afore dark; but the admiral wisely resar it for daylight, for *Black Dick*,* you see, was summ'at deep in disarmment.

"Howsomever, the first of the month was fixed for the fray. About five in the morning, just as the fog clears up, there was the *Ruffin* (first, as usual, with the signal flying for the enemies' fleet in sight, nor'-west. There they was sure enough, about three or four points on the bow to leeward, formed in a long line-o'-battle a-head upon the larboard tack, and over their heads there hangs a cloud as black as a hearse; as if, like the morning rainbow,† it comed from aloft to warn the poor devils of their doom. Well, we cracks on, like "smoke and oakum," till we brings 'em a-beam; when just as the bell strikes six, up goes the signal to "bear up together a-breast," then for the "van to attack the enemies' van," then for the "centre the centre," the "rear the rear," and for "every ship to break the line," and bang her bird. Four signals was made one a'ter t'other, when one might have sarved; but the Admiral, you see, was determined *they* shoudn't mistake him *again*. I knows all about it, you see, for in the *B*. I was quartered on the poop at the signals. Well, down we runs, three or four miles; when the Admiral, both ways bent on a bellyful, makes the general signal for breakfast, and many's the brave fellow that never bolted another. Well, you know, 'twas no time to be nice for stowing away ground-tier grub, so you may suppose every man was at his gun in a crack; and never mind, in closing with *Crappo*, if we didn't buy it with his raking broadsides. Howsomever, we was bent on the same ourselves; for just as we was passing the starn of our reglar anniversary in the line, and giving her a job for the glaziers abaft; her second astern, thinking to cross our hawse and bang it right into our bows, puts her helm a-port, just at the very moment we claps our starboard to luff under the lee of the *Shields*,* so slap alongside of each other we comes, as loving as a pair of pet devils. There was both of us rubbing together our bends, like a couple of lighters; and so close we clung to our bird what we clawed like a cat, 'twas mortally unpossible to haul up one half of our lower deck ports; so, to shorten the matter, we blows 'em clean out with the bulldogs, and sets to a-barking and biting like Britons. Well, the ship what we grappled was called, (let's see, wasn't the lee—or the la—though it must be the lee to be sure, 'kase she was to leeward of *us* all the while,) ay, I'm perfectly right, it *was* the lee—the lee *Wengure* was her name, which signifies Wengence in English, and, with a wengence, she fought to the last.

** Nickname given to Lord Howe in those days.

† "A rainbow in the morning
Is a sailor's warning."

‡ L'Achille.

* An abbreviation for Bellerophon.

† *Barky*—sailors' slang for a favourite ship.

‡ On board a man-of-war, the cooks of the messes have a perquisite of the overplus grog that may remain in the "kid," or can, after the cup has gone round.

§ It is a well-known fact, that many hard-fought battles took place here, between the boats' crews of Lord Howe's fleet, after the action of the first of June. When *Jack* cannot have fight in one way he will have it in another.

¶ The reader will here perceive that *Jack*, in his usual circumlocutory way, has lost sight, for awhile, of Cornwallis's retreat, to describe the part the Brunswick took in the battle of the *First of June*, 1794.

"'Twas exactly four bells* when we opened our fire in the *Brunswick*, and at seven or so when the captain (God bless him) received his death-wound. If bravery is rewarded aloft, and services of a seaman is not overlooked, he's sure of a far better birth above nor ever he'd a'got below. But, bless your heart, he came from a boxing-breed; for if the name of *Hervey* doesn't stand for fight in the telegraph-book, then there's no other word in the world what does. But, howsomever, the *Wengure* and *we*—there we was, for three or four hours, hugging each other like a couple of bears—blazing away like winking, and pouring in the peas, till both ships were tarn'd into reg'lar built riddles. Three times she set us a-fire with her wads, and twice she cleared the poop of a part of the 20th foot, (for you see we'd then sogers aboard in lieu of marines); ay, and a fine fellow, too, Captain Jackson, as commanded the party, was killed alongside me.

"'About four bells in the afternoon watcht'way goes our mizenmast, and shortly a'ter the *Wengence*'s fore and mainmasts. We'd dropped, clinging to each other, to leeward of both lines, and the pair on us falling into the trough o'the sea, the lower decks of both were afloat fore and aft, from the water rushing into the ports. Well, a terrible lurch breaks both ships adrift; away goes smack-smooth, our starboard quarter gallery, spare and best bower anchors. Many of our guns was disabled; and many's the poor fellow what fell, afore she signified she certainly struck; but our boats were so shivered with shot, we hadn't one as could swim what could board her, so she was claimed for a while by another, what had little to do in the business. But it warn't quite over with us yet; for, seeing our distress, down bears another eighty-four on us, with four or five hundred men, cutlash in hand, in her rigging, besides what she'd got on her decks, ready to board us. Howsomever, the biter was bit, for Captain *Hervey* coming up in the *Ramillies* at the time, to back his poor brother, 'twixt the *Ram* and the *Riont* she was taken herself.

"'Well, by this, we fell so far to leeward, we was reg'larly cut off from our line—and in trying to get into it again, both the *Queen*, 98, and ourselves, had to buffet through twelve of the enemies' ships. The *Queen*, somehow, managed to maneuver it, 'sides the *Charlotte*, and a few others, ran down to support her. But as for the *Barky*—why, we as well might a-ried to have unshipped Saint Paul's, or rigged a jury-mizenmast out of the Monument, as keep her at all by the wind: moreover, the carpenter came aft to the officers, and reg'larly reported 'twould soon be all up with us, for the ship would sartinly go down, if they didn't put her "afore it" so we was obligated to bear up at last, a step which the Admiral sartified himself; for seeing our condition, and the signal what we made of inability to continue the action, up goes our pennants aboard the *Charlotte*, "to part company, and proceed for the nearest port." But, mind ye,

we'd finished our work first, for afore we lost sight of the lane ducks, as well as them as was flying, the *Wengence* disdaining, after we leaves her, you see, to swim any longer, head foremost goes down in the face of both fleets! So there's an end o' the first o' June for you! But let's see, where did I alter my course from Billy's retreat? Oh, ay, where the *Brunswick* and *Ruffin* cut away their bower anchors and boats. Well, you know, the Admiral was determined we'd stick by each other, so, to kiver us two bad sailing ships,† he changes our stations with the *Mars* and *Triumph* what brought up the rear. At one time, the enemies' van thought to cut off the *Mars*, but they'd mistaken their man; for old Billy, at once seeing their maneuver, bears right round up in the *Sorran*, and lets fly such a broad-side among 'em as sends them all staggering astarn: nor did they try it again in a hurry; for, you see, they was puzzled a bit at the *Fecaton* a-head, what was all the time like another decoy duck, "letting fly her to'-galant sheets," firing guns, and making all sorts of false signals to deceive 'em. Howsomever, to make sure of his ships, old Billy again runs down in the *Sorran* to support the *Mars*, when hailing Sir Charley,‡ says he, "Dont fear, my friend, have one, have all. We'll stick," says he, "to each other like wax, nor wont go to Verdun|| for nothing. What say you, Sir Charley?" says he. Well, he was as good as his word; for, by showing his pluck, and maneuvering in the masterly way what he did, he saved his squadron, and escaped before dark the clutches of *Crappo*. The *Mars* and *Triumph* bore the brunt of the business; but, you know, 'twas only their tarn; and as one good tarn deserves another, "take a tarn with that," and "tarn in," for the watch is relieved."

Is not that admirable? Away with all the fine poetry that Horse-marines are made to sing, by chivalrous bards, when lying on imaginary decks, beneath imaginary moonlight, on a voyage to the continent of nowhere. Brown soap-bubbles all, blown from the pipe of poet, for his own delight, and that of other grown-up children. Give us a ship that you can smell at sea in a dark night, almost as soon as you see her lights—no nincompoops with gilt mouldings and muslin mizensail, but an ocean-roarer that walks the waters below her own hanging thunder-cloud, and speaks a language understood by all the nations. No fyfte second—or canto third. Dang your Spenserian stanza—your octo syllabics—your longs and shorts; your heroics and blank-verse, feckless as blank-cartridge—but give us Jack himself, putting his quid in his tobacco pouch above his dexter or sinister jaw, and lolling on a coil of cable—give us Jack, we say, spinning a long yarn, faster than any backward pedestrian, in the walk of a rope-work, and interlarding his narrative with "old familiar phrases," redolent of pitch and salt-petre, and of all the composite fumée of the

* He now returns to Cornwallia's retreat.

† The Bellerophon and Brunswick.

‡ Sir Charles Cotton, the captain of the *Mars*.

|| Verdun; French prison.

* Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

† Two o'clock in the afternoon.

‡ Orion.

ancient sea. Never mind the moon and stars, for they are all shining away, as forgetful of you as you can possibly be of them, and will never take the slightest notice of the affair, although you should run down that pretty little ship-rigged thing, that looks as if meaning to cross your bows, and then putting about to try you to windward. In short, we desire nothing better than the above Galley Story, and yet here is perhaps a better—**The Ghost.**

"A Voice from the Deep.—A Galley Story.

"What say you, boys, a caulk or a yarn?" says one of the 'quarter-gunners,' addressing indiscriminately the watch one night, as soon as they were mustered. 'Oh, let's have a yarn, as we've eight hours in,' replied one of the topmen. 'Bob Bowers will spin us a twist;' and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

"Well, boys!" says Bowers, 'let's see what'll you have?—one of the *Lee Virginny's*, or the saucy *Gees*?—Come, I'll give you a saucy *Gee*.

"Well, you see, when I sarved in the *Go-along-Gee*—Captain D—— (he as was killed at Traffylgar,) aboard the *Mars*, seventy-four,—ay, and as fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab,† or fell on a deck. There warn't a better man aboard from stem to stern. He knew a seaman's duty, and more he never ax'd; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect impossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating up, and he never flogged a man he didn't vince as if he felt the lash himself!—and as for starting,—blow me if he didn't break the boatswain by a court-martial for rope's-ending Tom Cox, the captain o'the foretop in Plymouth-Sound.—And yet he wasn't a man what courted, as they call it, cocularity;‡ for once deserve it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and he'd sink or swim with you!

"He never could abide to hear a man abused:—let's see, was't the first or second leeftenant he says—no, 'twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—it *was* the third, 'kase I remember, now, he'd never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the leeftenant in a sneering manner one morn, who'd just sung out, 'You sir!' you know, to one of the topmen,—'You sir, I mean,' says the skipper, looking straight in the leeftenant's face.—'Pray sir,' says he, 'how do *you* like to be *you* sir'd yourself?'

"Well, the leeftenant shams deafness, you know; but I'm blow'd but he hard every word on't—for never a dolphin a-dying tarned more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there a bit—I'm yawing about in my course. Howsomever, you know, 'tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory deserves: so here's try again—small helm bo—steady—ey-a. Well, you know, the *Go-along-Gee* was

one o' your flash Irish cruisers—the first o' your fir-built frigates—and a clipper she was! Give her a foot o' the sheet, and she'd go like a witch—but somehow o'nother, she'd bag on a bowline to leeward.* Well, there was a crack set o'ships at the time on the station. Let's see, there was the *Le Revolutioner* (the flyer, you know)—then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dashing *Dry'd*, and one or two more o' your flash-uns; but the *Gee* took the shine on 'em all in reefing and furling.

"Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West-Ingee convoy, as far as Madery, or so (to protect 'em, you know, from the French privateers,) and to bring back a pipe of the stuff for the admiral; ay, and I take it the old boy must have boused-up his jib-stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

"Howsomever, you see, we was ordered to sail with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gathered together in cove —nigh hand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see, there was the *Polly-infamous*,‡ sixty-four, was our commodore, you know; and 'sides we was in the *Gee*, there was a ship *Crazatte*,§ and an 'eighteen-gun brig.' Well, we sailed with the convoy from cove on St. Patrick's day, with a stag'ring breeze at east-north-east. We was stationed astarn, to jog-up the dull-uns, and to 'touch 'em up in the bunt' with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' your reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you know). Four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback; two was dismantled clean by the board: but the *Go-along-Gee* was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining so much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

"Well, howsomever, we weathers out like a 'Mudian; though we lost, to be sure, the corporal of marines overboard, as was consulting his ease in the lee-mizen-chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the commodore closes the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard of such ships as needed 'em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yacht, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's sounce: and on one o' these nights as the convoy, you know, was cracking-on every thing low-and-aloft, looking just like a forest afloat—we keeping our station astarn on 'em all—top-sails lower'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patterson's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of benetics playing under the bows; what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I had the star-board cat-head|| at the time); so I waits till I

* *Jack's* fancy names for favourite ships—the *Gee* the *Glenmore*. † Epaulette.

‡ This is no far-fetched Malapropism; the man who made use of this expression was subsequently killed, as boatswain of a line-of-battle ship.

* A judicious remark, though couched in a homely phrase; for it is now proved that fir-built ships, from the difference of their specific gravity, by no means "hold so good a wind" as our oak "men-o-war." † Polephemus.

‡ Corvette. || Look-out forward.

hears it again—when sky-larking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say, Bob-bo, did you never hear nothing just now?' Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—'Aboard the G—e, ahoy—a—.' Well, there was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the starnmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles a-head)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we weren't just then in old Badgerbag's* track. Well, we looks broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and every where round we could look; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water! Well, I looks at Dick, and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, 'I'm d—d,' says I, 'if it isn't the corporal's ghost!—' I'm d—d if it isn't, says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit (though I says nothing to no one, you know), for 'twas only a fortnight afore the corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. Well, says the voice, 'Will you heave us a rope?' I don't want a boat! was the cry. 'Ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give you a rope, if it's even to hang you;' so flying, you see, to the chains,† I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. Well, I was as munn as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot; when, looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath, 'Is that Corporal Crag?' says I.—'Corporal H***' says he, 'why don't you haul up?'—'Well, I sings out for someun to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again—and I'm blow'd but the leeftenant himself was as shy as the rest o' the watch). So I sings out again for assistance: for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside like a hide; what was soft'ning in soak.—'Will no one lend us a hand?' says I, 'or shall I turn the jolly|| adrift.' Well, this puts two o' the topmen, you see, on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains.—Now what do you think?'—'Why the corporal's ghost to be sure,' says one of the group.—'No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate's minister's mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster¶, dead or alive; but as fine a young fellow as ever I seed in my days. For, you

see, the whole on it is this:—'twas no more than a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started* him that morn; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the Gee—mind! the starnmost ship of the convoy! though his own was one of the headmost; ay, and running the risk not to fetch us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life.† And why?—why? beka'se the ship had a name—aye, sure! she was the Gee!!!"

Were we a naval officer, our sole considerable misery would be to command a bad sailer. Riding a slow-paced horse is bad enough—an animal that can walk you two miles and a half the hour, trot seven with an occasional hobble of the right shoulder, and gallop ten on a turn-pike. We once had such a horse. All things that travelled by land used to give us the go-by—even droves of cows. We remember bitterly trying, with tears of vexation in our eyes, to keep parallel with an old tinker on his ass—but we fast dropped astern, and saw the long ears sinking below the distant horizon. Before we knew him well, we remember riding him, during a moonless midnight, for a midwife—but out of a six-mile-an-hour hobble-trot, he would not have broken into a gallop, had we been sent in favour of an expected heir-apparent to the throne of these realms. A slow wooden horse at sea, although not likely to be mounted on such occasion, would, to our temper (which is naturally placid), be even more irritating, and we fear we should get sulky. Yet, there are such tubs. Sail they won't, off or on the wind—come it on the beam, or right astern, the tub in a gale may make about seven knots—but down helm, and bring her up to the teeth of a north-wester, and she won't look at it—off she falls, and drifting to leeward, is soon out of the reach of signal. The jade won't answer her helm. When you are within a few cables-lengths of a most picturesque coast, indented to a painter's heart's delight, she sulkily misses stays, and her great clumsy stern-post keeps battering the rocky bottom like a paviour, till her knees getting weaker and weaker, and her back almost broken, she goes to pieces in a way that seems at the time almost unaccountable, and a pretty sight is the beach next day with the bodies of yourself and crew, without a watch in one of your fobs; for every time-keeper that was in the ship, is now ticking away at the bed-heads of honest and industrious men, living a mile or two up the country.

Nothing can be imagined much worse than this; yet this is nuts to being in a bad sailer when breaking the line. A fire is poured into you from every ship you crawl snail-like by, till you get apparently water-logged in among three or four first-raters, who keep raking you during the rest of the engagement, which probably terminates about sunset, it being now one minute Post Meridian. We do not wonder, therefore, at the universal predilection for the Gee; there being another blessing attending her long leg and a short one, which our heroism

* A name given by Jack to Neptune, when playing tricks on travellers upon first crossing the Line.

† An external projection affixed to the side of a ship to give spread to the lower or standing rigging (the shrouds), to which the latter are set up or secured.

‡ That part of a ship's rigging most liable to be chafed or rubbed is usually preserved by pieces of hide being securely sown around it. Men-of-war have continually, at sea, hides towing overboard in soak.

|| Jolly—familiar appellation for a royal marine.

¶ Jack's slang for a marine, or soldier in any shape.

* Beating with a rope's end.

† The author served on board this ship at the period above alluded to.

has hitherto prevented us from alluding to, namely, that if you are once to windward of an enemy who shows too many teeth in his muzzle, you can laugh in his face, with a reef perhaps in your mainsail, and should you choose to shake it out, why you run him hull down in an hour or two, and falling in with your consort from whom you had parted in a gale, you put about upon the rascal, and two together bring him into an English port. That's the Gee.

But now for our third extract.

"A Galley Story."

"I tell you what a-tis—as often I told you afore—what you loses on *one* tack, you gains on the t'other. Overhaul both sides o' the business—turn in just 'end for end;' and in spite o' your shore-going, know-nothing growlers, you'll find a man-o'-war's berth's not so bad, after all.

"You may talk o' the hardships of pressing, your man-hunting, and the likes of such lubberly prate; but if there's never no ent'ring, how the h—ll can you help it? Men-o'-war must be man'n'd, as well as your marchanmen. Marchanmen must have their regular convoys; for if they haven't, you know, then there's a stopper over all upon trade; so, take the consarn how you will, 'by or large,' there's not a King's-Bench among you can mend it. Bear up for Blackwall—ship aboard of an Ingee-man, and see how you'll be badgered about by a set o' your boeasing-hysun-mundungo-built beggars. Get hurt in their service—lose a finger or fin by the chime of a cask in the hold, or fall from aloft, and fracture your pate, then see where's your pension or 'smart.' I'm none o' your arguficators—none o' your long-winded lawyers, like Paddy Quin the sweeper, or Collins the 'captain o' the head;' but you know, there's never no working to wind'ard of truth.

"There's not a chap in the baky—no, not a fellow afloat in the fleet, has felt more o' the roughs and the smooths o' the service nor I. I was prest—desarted, and desarvedly punished; and here I am, 'happy-go-lucky,' and as hearty as ever. 'Tisn't often I spins you a yarn, but, just to set you to rights, I'll give you a twist, so here's heave with the winch.

"Well, you must first of all know, it's exactly—let's see—exactly thirteen years, come the third of November, since first I was prest by the Wengeance's cutter. The ship was sitting at Spithead—ay, and a snug little baky she was. There wasn't a faster seventy-four in the service: she was just like a frigate in a fleet, and kept always to wind'ard on the Admiral's beam, 'kase there was never no keeping her astern in her station. The Captain was one o' your thoro'-bred tars, ay, and a sailor's friend to the mast. He'd an eye like a hawk. He never went out o' the ship he didn't see *something* amiss—either a to'-sail-sheet, a stay-sail halliard not properly taut, or a yard not square by the lifts. He led the boatswain the devil's own life, and well he deserved it; for he was the only bad-un aboard. He was the rummest-looking chap you ever sot eye on. Though he stood on his pins like the figure of five capsize, he nevertheless was as taunt as a topmast. There was his head, too, all of a hoo

—chin topping to port—a thorough-put in his starboard eye—and his mouth all awry from 'clue to car-ring.'

"Well, howsoever, as soon as, I may say, I was shipped—as I took both helm and lead—I was put on the folk'sel at once.

"Soon after, we sailed for the Baltic, and as I bevelled it aboard very well with all hands—and moreover a somet-of-a-sort of a fancy-man with the First Leaftennant—I was clapt in the barge—ay, and I takes it, had oft'ner the sling-ing of the Captain's cot nor his coxen.

"Well, you know, for more nor five nor six months, every thing was going on as gay as a goose in a gutter, when, coming back to Spithead from a cruise, who should come off to the ship but the postman, fetchin' me a lubberly letter from home, what fixes my fate. For, you see, the very dicalical day that I gets it—as the barge, under charge of a bit of a boy, went to wait for the Captain at Sally-port steps (the devil coming into my head), no sooner she grazes the ground than out I jumps, slap in the surf, and hard-up for the back o' the point.

"Well, there was the younker, singing out like a soger, and cracking on every thing 'low-and-aloft' to come up with the chase—when I drops him astarn—whips in a wherry, and over in a jiffy to Gossey."

"Well, the first thing in course I does, was to make for old Moses' slop-shop, and search for a suit of shore-going togs. There I was, overhauling rig after rig, just as fickle as a flaw on the sartis; till I fixes at last on a white linen shirt, with a flying-jib-frill, and 'throat seaze-ing' complete—a pair of gaff-to-sail-boots, and tautfitting breeks—a black long-tailed coat, towing over my tassel with a sky-scraper cape—and one o' your flush-built waistcoats, with hanging-ports on the pockets, when docking my tail, and dowsing my whiskers close by the boards, I powders my pate, and claps on a broad-brim'd chopper clean over all.

"Well, as soon as I was reg'larly a taunto—every thing taut fore-and-aft, and yards squared with Moses—for you see I'd a Newland for ten in the letter—I just takes a bit of an overhaul squint in the glass; then glancing at Moses, who was looking out as sharp as a shovel-nose sherk for a Guineaman,—'Moses,' says I, 'by the cut o' my jib, but I'll pass for a parson!—Tip us your daddle,' says I—never say die—and scud like a mugen, and book us a berth in the mail.' Well, off he flies—ay, as fast as if the d—I was in his wake with a 'double piece of pork,' and clinches a place in a crack. Thinks I to myself, this is running the rig—it'll gee very well if it doesn't get wind in the barracks—for you see, just at that time, the sogers were looking out sharp for their straggling money.' Howsoever, you know, as the coach didn't weigh until eight, there I was, brought up in Moses' coal-hole, just like a collier in the 'Lower Hope,' waiting for the turn o' the tide. Well, at last I weighs, with Moses as pilot, when, after 'backing and filling,' and

* *Gossey*—Gosport.

† One of the lower Reaches in the River, where merchantmen frequently wait, when the wind is foul, the turn of the tide.

boxing about every lane, what led to the coach, we comes alongside her just as she claps on her canvass. 'Ye hoye, there, coachee,' says I, 'what! d—n your eyes, forget you freight;' for you see I was 'shaking a cloth in the wind.' 'Is that your respect for the church?' says I. 'Come down from aloft and let me aboard,' says I, 'or I'll break every lubberly bone in your body.' Well, the words were scarce out o' my mouth, when, just as I was stepping into the cabin o' the coach, what the d—l does I feel but a grip by the scruff o' the neck! There I was, all-a-back,—boned by the Lord, by the master-t-arms, and a man-hunting party o' marines. Moses, you know, was off like a shot; and, as I couldn't make play in my togs, or palaver any o' the passengers to lend me a fist, in course I'd to strike to the party.

"Well, away went the coach—coachee cracking his whip and his joke, as he went laughing along at a fellow's misfortune. But the worst was to come, for being taken aback in the coach was a trifle to being taken aboard in the clergyman's rig. No sooner, next morn, you know, nor I comes alongside in the cutter, but there was a regular spree fore-and-aft:—'Who've we here?' says the first leaftennant—(clapping on one o' your half-and-half-laugh and purser's grins, as he stood on the gangway, looking down in the boat).—'What!' says he:—d—n it! a methody parson?—'send a hauling-line down for the lubber.'—Going on after that sort o' fashion, and keeping up a frolicksome fire on a fellow, what was more galling, you know, nor a regular raking.

"Well, howsomever, to shorten the matter: after I comes up, as down in the mouth as a midshipman's dough-boy, I was clapt into limbo, togs and all, as I stood, till the skipper comes off after dinner. 'There he was (as soon as I came aft, and brought up afore him), trying to stopper a smile on his mug and clap on a grave-digger's grin; when, at last, says he, coming for'ard to face me,—'Well, my man, what 'ave you to say for yourself?' says he.—'Nothing, sir,' says I.—'No?' says he, 'indeed, you're the last man in the ship I thought would have run. Howsomever,' says he, 'I'm sorry it happens to be you, 'kase, as I must make a sample of some-un, the only course I can take is to try you by a regular court-martial.'—'I hope not, sir,' says I; 'rather you'd punish me aboard, i' you please.'—Howsomever, you know, there was never no use in palavering, for his mind was made up; and he was as good as his word, for, as he never broke it with no man, by the return o' post I was ordered for trial.

"Well, you know, just as I was rigged, and ready for the 'fray the morn o' the trial, and taking a bit of a squint out o' the after-gun-room-port, off goes a gun 'board the *Billy*,* as the bell strikes eight. Thinks I to myself, 'come what will, Mr. Sam, they can't say you havn't made a bit of a noise in the world;' for, you see, 'twas the *Billy* repeating the court-martial signal aboard the *Gladiator* in the harbour.

"There was—'man the pinnace,' and send me aboard her, just like a lord o' the land, with

* *Royal William*—the flag-ship at Spithead.

the second leaftennant, a midshipman, the master-t-arm, three jolly marines, with belts and bagnets shipped, two sitting aside in the starn-sheets abaft, and one in the bow facing aft, just like a figure-head shipped the wrong way.

"Well, as soon as I gets aboard the *Gladiator*, with her *Jack* at the peak,* only waiting for the members to muster, I was clapt under the charge of a chap as they calls the proviky-martial.†

"There was 'the devil to pay, and no pitch hot!'—piping the side for the skippers, and the guard presenting arms to them as fast as they came off in their barges. I never seed so many swabs‡ on a deck in my day.

"Howsomever, as the bell strikes two,|| down they dives, to take their stations at the court-martial table in the cabin. Well, as soon as they was ready to open their fire, they rings a bell, when in I comes, under reg'lar convoy of two armed craft (for there was a royal, with a bagnet in his fist, on my larboard beam), and the proviky-martial, rigged out in a cocked-hat athwart ship, with a sword drawn over his shoulder, stuck on my starboard, as stiff as a midshipman.

"The commodore¶ o' the court was moored at the top o' the table, the rest o' the skippers facing each other in two regular lines, in the order o' battle; and a little lawyer-looking chap, with a face like a bladder hauled over a wig-block, as busy as a devil in a gale o' wind, overhauling a parcel o' papers, below at the bottom.

"Well, as soon as this rum-looking fellow in black (the judge of advice,** as they called him) was ready to lay down the law, up the whole on 'em gets, Bible in-hand, and tarns-to to swear (muttering together like a parcel of methody parsons,) to serve out justice alike, both to man and to messmate.

"There was the skipper,†† standing in the commodore's wake (for as he was persecutor, you see, he'd to reg'larly stand to what he said;) and nobly the poor fellow behaved, for never a question he asked more of a witness nor was necessary to clinch the consarn. Well, you know, as I was going to leeward as fast as a hay-stack afloat, I takes the advice of one o' the captains, and axes no more o' your traverse-sailing‡‡ questions; for, you see, they did me more harin nor enough. So, as soon as the skipper's palaver was over, there was, 'pall the capstern,' and clear the court, till the judge of advice draws up a paper for a fellow, throwing karector and all upon the mercy o' the court. Well, you know, as soon as he reads it aloud, and both the first leaftennant and skipper comed for'ard to say a few words in my favour, there was tarn-out again for a bend, till

* A union-jack flying at the peak is the signal for a court-martial sitting.

† Provost-marshal.

‡ Swabs (epaulets).

|| Two bells—nine o'clock. See NAVAL ANOMALIES.

¶ President.

** Judge-advocate.

†† "The skipper:" *Jack's* constant phrase for his own captain.

‡‡ Cross-examination

they settles the sentence; when in I comes, to hear, as I thought, my unfort'nate fate.

"As soon as I enters the cabin, and sees the commodore and captains o' the court, looking as fierce and as black as the d—l in a blaze, every man on 'em with their gold-laced scrapers reg'larly shipped, some 'athwart ship,' and some 'fore-and-aft,' says I to myself, 'the game's all up with you, Sam?'—that's the yard-arm signal, as sure as a gun!—(for, you see, 'twas only a fortnight afore I was prest, I happened to put into Old Bailey-bay, as the judge was clapping on his cap to condemn an unfortunate fellow to death;) so, in course, I thinks this shipping of scrapers was the sim'lar signal. Howsomever, you see, I was ahead o' my reck'ning; but, instead of going round the fleet, I was sentenced to one hundred lashes aboard my own ship! No, no; none o' your court-martials for *Jack*! If so be as I'd a' gammoned the skipper to a' settled the score at once, and sarved me out myself, I'd a'napped no more nor four dozen at the outside."

GREENWICH HOSPITAL

(Lit. Gaz.)

HERE I COME AGAIN.*

COMICAL stories them, Mr. Editor, about the lemmings and foxes; and perhaps many people would doubt the truth of the account, and the traveller to the North Cape be considered cousin-german to Baron Munchausen. In such matters I am little skilled; but the following plain statement of facts was given by old Ben Marlin to some young sprigs of fashion, who listened with wonder and astonishment:—"Why aye, young gentlemen, you may well say sailors see strange things. They are a sort of hum-fib-ius animals, that often stand in the imminent deadly breach, as Shakespur has it; for d'ye see, the breech of a gun is its stern, as a body may say; and I've often elevated and depress'd my breech when the shots were flying about so thick, that you couldn't stick a marlin-spike atwixt 'em. Well, I often wonder I didn't get knock'd down in the many blow-ups I've been in, but suppose I was bomb-proof. I remember when I was boatswain's mate of the Firefly frigate, Captain Tommyhawk, we were cruising off the coast of Norway to look for the flying Dutchman, 'cause, d'ye see, the Nabob of Arcot—him as lives at Pondicherry, in the north of Scotland—had sent an express to the Lords of the Admiralty in a fire-balloon, to inform 'em she was cruizing about there, to the great annoyance of our merry-time subjects; so we were commissioned to send the ghost aloft in a shower of Congreve's rockets. Well, d'ye see, we'd got as far northward as sixty-six, when one afternoon, about three o'clock, it being then pitch-dark, we coteh'd sight of her. Up comes Captain Tommyhawk; he was a rum subject, always full of spirits, and so was the first Lieutenant for matter o'that. Well, we made all sail in chace, and

the officers swore it was she; for which ever way we put the ship's head, still she was on the starboard-bow, and none but a fan-tom could do that. The rockets were prepared, the matches were lighted; and just as we were going to fire, the officer of the watch discovered we had been chasing the anchor-stock that stuck up above the cat-head, and loom'd large in the dark; but that warn't the best of it, for it came on to blow great guns. The wind was at south-sou-north, and we lay a north-east and by west course. The night was as black as the Emperor of Morocco; however, we got her under close-reef'd pudding-bags, balanced the cook's apron for a try-sail, and stow'd the masts down in the hold. Away she went—sky-pole and bobbing-pole, scupper-hole and hawse-hole, all under water. It took five men to hold the Captain's hat on, and we were obliged to shove our heads down the hatchways to draw breath. The first Lieutenant had all his hair blown off, and has worn a wig ever since. The Boatswain's call was jamm'd so fast in his jaws, that it took a dozen men to bowse it out with a watch-tackle. The Master was bellowing through his speaking-trumpet, when a squall took every tooth out of his head as clean as a whistle. His gums were as bare as the hour he was born, but that didn't matter; he lived on suction, grog, and bacca, though he's chew'd upon it ever since. Oh what a sight to see the whales and dolphins jumping over us just like flying fish! and a shark swallowed the jolly-boat at one gulp! We drove all night, and about eleven o'clock next forenoon, just as day began to break, we heard a most tremendous roaring; it was like—but I can't tell you what it was like. The charts were examined, and every body pull'd long faces, for it was discovered to be the Moll-strum, that swallows every thing up. My eyes, there was a pretty predickymment! When it was broad day-light, we were close to it, and nothing could save us.

* Our humorous Correspondent will raise many a laugh by his characteristic Burlesque on Travellers who go their lengths: for ourselves we disclaim all direct allusions and personalities, though names are named in the way of illustration.—Ed.

You've seen soap-suds run round in a ring down a gully-hole? Well, what do you think of a whirlwind—a whirlpool I mean, whose horror-face was as wide as it is from here to Jerusalem? Ah, you may stare! but it was a complete earthquake. Up comes the Chaplain, and he soon began his dive-ocean, for a lump of a sea lifted him up above the heads of the people, and overboard he went; but we saw him afterwards on the back of a grampus, making the best of his way to the North Pole. Well, we were suck'd in, and run round and round, just as people do when they run down from the top of the Monument; but still we kept on an even keel, though I'm certain we went at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and floated on the surface of the whirlpool. They said this was occasioned by gravitation. I know we were all grave enough upon the occasion, expecting to be buried alive. Well, we kept at this for some hours, and then the Captain swore we should come out on the opposite side of the globe; and he supposed the Frenchman who found out that the variation of the compass proceeded from an internal motion, had gone that way before us. For my part I couldn't tell what to make of it. Well, we kept at this, as I told you before, for some hours, when it began to get plaguy hot, and the water steam'd again. 'Boiling springs!' says the Captain; 'we're under Lapland, and the witches are all at work under this huge cauldron!' We had only to dip our beef overboard, and it was cook'd in two minutes! Well, young gentlemen, we soon found out where we were; for though 'twas as dark—aye, as black as my hat one minute, yet in an instant, in an amagraphy, I may say, we burst from the water into the middle of a roaring fire, and was shot out of the top of Mount Hecla like a pellet from a pop-gun. How would you like that now? How high we went I can't say, but the sparks got hold of the rockets and set them off; and I understand the Astronomer Royal, at the house up there, was looking out that night, and took it for a whole fleet of comets. We had a fine bird's-eye view of the world—saw Cap-

tain Parry jammin'd up in the ice, Captain Franklin chasing the wolves, and Mr. Brookes killing the lemmings. Well, I can't say how high we went. Says the Master, says he, 'A little higher, my lads, and we shall be able to catch hold of the tail of the Great Bear, pass a hawser round it, and make fast to repair damages; but mind your helm, boy, or you'll spur us on to Bootes, knock Kiss-you-peeper out of her chair, or run away with the Northern Crown—though the Emperor of Russia takes pretty good care of that.' However, we didn't go quite so high, but come rattling down in a tremendous hurry, passed close to Riggles in Lio, and nearly poked the eye out of Medusa's head. Well, we fell at last upon a mountain of snow, keel downwards; it broke our fall, and happily we sustained but little injury—made a fine dock for ourselves—shored the frigate up—got all ataunt in a few days—and waited for the melting of the snow; when one morning the stocks fell, and we were left upon the wide ocean. The fact was, we had tumbled on to the back of a kraken that had been asleep for a century; the snow had gathered upon him in mountains; our thump woke him, though I suppose it took a fortnight to do it thoroughly; down he went, and we returned in safety to Old England! Here I am, you see, God bless His Majesty!—all dangers past—safe moored at last in Greenwich Hospital. I've nothing to complain of but one thing, and I think if I was to write to the Commander-in-chief at the Parliament-House, he'd take it under his pious consideration; and that's this here: We ought to get our bacca duty free, as we used to do in actual service. My old Captain, Sir Joseph, might *jaw a bit* about it, and come *York* over 'em; and Sir Isaac Coffin, however *grave* on other subjects, ought not to be *mute* in this, but commence *undertaker* in the cause, that we mayn't get *pall'd* at last, and have it *shrouded* in obscurity, or *buried* in oblivion; for d'ye see, right Virginia is a *baccanailian* treat to such a dry *quid* nunx as

AN OLD SAILOR.

KENTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

THERE are few of our popular superstitions, however vague they may be, that have not some slight colour of fact, and that do not originate in some incident of local history. But should this position be denied by any of your readers, they will at least allow that these traditions are often in themselves of great antiquity, and on that account interesting and valuable.

Sailors, it will be allowed, are generally extremely credulous; this may be caused chiefly by their having at times a great deal of leisure, which is employed in telling stories of a marvellous kind to each other. We have the authority of Lord Orford, that superstition is catching; and these tales during a long night-watch, when all is still, and courage in a measure had in requisition, rivet their attention, and get firm hold on their minds.

A Correspondent at Maidstone writes,—"We have a class of people in these parts called *Ufflers*, i. e. men in the barging line out of employ, who attend as extra help to get the craft home in our inland navigation: most of them have been to sea, and are tinctured with notions of ghosts, witches, and dæmons. You must know that between this town and Aylesford, we have two places noted for the appearance of fearful sights. One is that of a descendant of the Colepeppers or Culpeppers* of Aylesford, who is seen

flying across the path with his head under his arm!

"The other is that of a white horse enveloped in a body of fire.

"Let those who please, laugh at these stories, but certain it is that most of our people would sooner make a large circuit than pass by either of these places on a dark night. It happened a few nights since, that two men and a dog had to pass the scene of these fearful incidents; the dog frisked playfully before them, till on a sudden it gave a pitiful howl, and slunk back evidently in dismay! 'What's that in the hedge?' says one of the men. 'I don't know,' cries out the other; 'but it looks like a rein-deer.' 'No,' rejoins the other, 'it is a woman.' While they were gazing on it, the form moved gently across a field of clover. 'I'll follow it,' says one, 'be it what it may;' and he was as good as his word. He ran,—it ran,—he quick-

tion. Some attribute a similar fate to Hen-gist, who made himself notorious in this vicinity, circa 450.

† A stone some time since broken up and removed, at no great distance from this scene of wonder, bore for name the 'white horse-stone,' the legend of which is, that one who rode a beast of this description, was killed on or about the spot so commemorated. Might not this have been *Horsa* the Saxon, who was slain 'near Ægelsford,' and whose name is so analogous to that of the animal in question? As to the circumstance of the figure being surrounded with fire, it may not be irrelevant to state that **ghosts** assume the privilege of walking the earth chiefly during purgatory, and while doomed

—'to fast in fires

Till the foul crimes done in their days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away.'

* One Thomas Culpepper was "put to deth at Tiborne," 10 Dec. 1541. This circumstance might give rise to the tradi-

ended his pace, but it had still the start, till his courage was curbed by a thump against some of the sheep gates through which the spirit had glided, little the worse for wear. He paused—'fear shrunk his sinews and congealed his blood,' a feeling of horror overwhelmed him, causing

'—— each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.'

His knees smote each other, and he nearly fell, till on recovering a little he ran back to the place where he left his companion, who had made the best of his way towards a neighbouring hamlet."

The following remarks were elicited in a conversation with an old man, with whom I accidentally fell in just below Aylesford. He recollected (he said) a large stone in the neighbourhood being broken up, and displaced, alongside of which human bones were found; adding, that in "yonder field" "a mortal many" bones and skulls were ploughed up some time ago; and lately a human jaw and shin-bone. "There once stood a town on this spot," continued he, "and the cottage just at hand is built entirely of its stone

foundations which were turned up by the plough. It was called *Eckell Town*, and that wood still bears the name of *Eckell Wood*.*

In Cookstone or Cuxton Church, near Rochester, is the corpse of a woman, who, in her will, directed her coffin to have a lock, the key of which was to be put into her own hand, that she might be able to release herself at pleasure! This legend is as old as my great grandmother. In May 1832, I made inquiry on the spot as to its truth, when I learnt that the said coffin having mouldered away, had been committed to earth recently.

A superstitious practice of sticking pins in a stile whenever a corpse is taken over it, prevails in these parts. Its origin would oblige.

A skull, with a spear head through it, was dug up at Deptling a short time since; the remains of a helmet, supposed to be Roman, were dug up in Maidstone: it was crowned with a knob, as if to receive a plume of feathers; an urn was also discovered here, but broken up in hopes of finding treasure!

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Pithy, Pleasant, and Profitable Works of Maister Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII.—London, 1736.

Britannicarum Literarum lumen et decus.—*Erasmi Epist. ad Hen. VIII.*

SKELTON is a curious, able, and remarkable writer, and one who was styled, in his turn, by as great a scholar as ever lived, the light and ornament of Britain. And as he doubtless produced a considerable effect upon English poetry and the English language, he is well worthy of a notice here.

Very little is known of the life of John Skelton, and that little to be got from the *Athenæ Oxonienses*. He passed through Oxford with a high reputation, and became rector of Dysse, in Norfolk, when he fell under the displeasure of Nykke, bishop of Norwich. Not only because he “was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit,” but because he indulged too freely in his writings, in censures on the Monks and Dominicans; and, moreover, had the hardihood to reflect, in no very mild terms, on the manners and life of Cardinal Wolsey. For which last offence he was so closely pursued by the cardinal’s officers, that he was obliged to take sanctuary at Westminster.

where he was kindly entertained by John Islip, the abbot, and continued there till the time of his death. Anthony Wood adds, that "Erasmus, in an epistle to King Henry VIII., styles this poet *Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus*, and of the like opinion were many of his time. Yet the generality said, that his witty discourses were biting; his laughter opprobrious and scornful; and his jokes commonly sharp and reflecting." Skelton's reputation was undoubtedly high among his contemporaries; and we cannot give a better evidence of it, nor, at the same time, introduce Skelton better to the notice of our readers, than by the praises of his friend Thomas Churchyard, who is, at the same time, recommending the early English poets in general.

"Nor scorne your mother-tongue,
 O babes of English breed:
 I have of other language seen
 And you at full may read
 Fine verses trimly wrought,
 And couch'd in comely sort;
 But never you or I, I trowe,
 In sentence plaine and short,
 Did ever yet beholde with eye,
 In any foraigne tongue,
 A higher verse, a statelier style,
 That may be read or sung,
 Than is this day, indeed,
 Our English verse and rhyme,
 The grace whereof doth touch the Gods,
 And reach the cloudes sometime!
 Thro' earth and waters deepe
 The pen by skill doth passe,
 And featly nips the worlde's abuse,
 And shows us, in a glass,
 The vertue and the vice
 Of every wight alive:
 The honey-combe that bee doth make
 Is not so sweet in hive,
 As are the golden leaves
 That drop from poets' head,
 Which do surmount our common talke
 As far as gold doth lead.
 The flour is sifted cleane,
 The bran is cast aside,
 And so good corne is known from chaffe,
 And each fine grain is spied.
 Piers Ploughman was full plaine,
 And Chaucer's spreet was great;
 Earl Surrey had a goodly veine,
 Lord Vaux the marke did beate.
 And Phaer did hit the Pricke
 In things he did translate,

And Edwards had a special gift;
 And divers men, of late,
 Have helpt our English tongue,
 That first was base and brute.
 Oh! shall I leave out Skelton's name,
 The blossom of my fruit!
 The tree whereon, indeed,
 My branches all might grow:
 Nay, Skelton wore the laurel wreath,
 And past in schools, ye know,
 A poet for his art,
 Whose judgment sure was high,
 And had great practise of the pen,
 His workes they will not lie;
 His termes to taunts did leane,
 His talke was as he wrate;
 Full quick of wit, right sharp of wordes,
 And skilful of the state;
 Of reason ripe and good,
 And to the hateful minde,
 That did disdain his doings still,
 A scorner of his kinde;
 Most pleasant every waye,
 As poets ought to be,
 And seldom out of princes' grace
 And great with each degree:
 Thus have you heard at full
 What Skelton was, indeed;
 A further knowledge shall you have
 If you his books do read.
 I have, of mere good will,
 These verses written here,
 To honour virtue as I ought,
 And make his fame appear;
 That wore the garland gay
 Of laurel leaves but late,
 Small is my pain, great is his praise,
 That thus such honour gate."

The contents of this book appear to have been printed separately in small pamphlets, and afterwards collected by Skelton himself; at least they are preceded by an introduction from the hand of the poet himself, in which he, however, in enumerating his works, speaks of many which are not to be found here. This introduction is an allegorical piece, in which the Queen of Fame and Dame Pallas are personages, who at length hand the poet over to Occupation, who gives him employment, and sets certain fair ladies about composing him a laurel. To each of them, Skelton addresses copies of verses. One set, to Mistress Margaret Hussey, is beautiful, and gives one an idea of a

most amiable character. In this instance we will modernize the spelling.

"To Mistress Margaret Hussey."

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower,
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good, and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,

Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought
First you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower."

After the introduction, which is styled the *Crown of Laurel*, the different pieces follow; the principal of which, are *The Bouge of the Court*, an allegorical poem on the vices of a court; *The Duke of Albany*, full of virulent abuse of the Scots; *Ware the Hawk*, against the vices of the clergy; *The Tunning of Eleanour Rumming*, a very singular and humorous but very coarse description of an old ale-woman, and her female customer. *Why come ye not to Court*, a satire on Cardinal Wolsey; with various others.

In the *Bouge of Court* there are some striking short passages out of the usual style of Skelton, such as this personification of Suspicion.

"And when he came walking soberly
With *hum*, and *hah*, and with a crooked look,
Methought his head was full of jealousy,
His eyne rolling, his handes fast they quoke,
And to-me-ward the straight way he took :
God speed, brother, quoth he then,
And thus to talk with me he began."

And this, of Riot.

"With that came Riot rushing all at once,
A rustic galand to ragged and to rente :
And on the board he whirl'd a pair of bones,
Quatre, treye, deuce, he clatter'd as he went :
Now have at all by Saint Thomas of Kent.
And ever he threw, and kist I, wot ne'er what,
His hair was growing thorow out his hat.
Then I beheld how he disguised was,
His head was heavy for watching over night,
His eyne bleared, his face shone like a glass,
His gown so short, that it ne cover might
His rump ; he went so all for summer light.
His hose was guarded with a list of green,
Yet at the knee they were broken, I ween.
His coat was checker'd with patches red and blue,
Of Kirkby Kendale was his short demy ;
And aye he sang in faith decon thou crew ;
His elbow bare, he ware his geer so nye,
His nose dropping, his lips were full dry;
And by his side his whynard and his pouch
The devil might dance therein for any crouch."

And also the following, of Dissimulation.

“Disdain I saw with Dissimulation,
Standing in sad communication.
But there was pointing and nodding with the head.
And many words said in secretwise ;
They wander’d ay and stood still in no stead ;
Methought alway Dissimular did devise :
Me passing, sore my heart then gan arise,
I deem’d and dred their talking was not good,
Anon Dissimular came where I stood.

Then in his hood I saw there faces twain,
That one was lean and like a pined ghost,
That other looked as he would me have slain,
And to-me-ward as he gan for to coast,
When that he was even at me almost,
I saw a knife hid in his one sleeve,
Whereon was written this word, *mischiefe*.

And in his other sleeve, methought I saw
A spoon of gold, full of hony sweet,
To feed a fool, and for to prey a daw ;
And on that sleeve these words were wrote :
A false abstract cometh from a false concrete ;
His hood was side his cope, was russet grey,
These were the words that he to me did say.”

Our next extract shall be the beginning of “*The Tunning of Eleanor Rumming*,” which is in Skelton’s peculiar style—a style which is now generally described as *Skeltonizing* :

“Tell you I chill,
If that ye will
Awhile be still,
Of a comly gill
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill; (girl)
For she is somewhat sage,
And well worn in age ;
And her visage
It would assuage
A man’s courage.
Her lothely lere
Is nothing clear,
But ugly of cheer.
Droupy and drowsy,
Scurvy and lousy,
Her face all bowsy ;
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a roast pig’s ear
Bristled with hair.
Her lewd lips twain
They slaver, men sayne,
Like a roopy raine,
Or a gummy glare :
She is ugly fair,
Her nose some deal hooked,
And camously crooked,
Never stopping,
But ever dropping ;
Her skin loose and slack,
Grained like a sack,
With a crooked back.

Her eyn gowndy
Are full unsoundy,
For they are bleared,
And she gray-haired,
Jawed like a jetty,
A man would have pity
To see how she is gumm’d,
Finger’d and thumb’d,
Gently jointed,
Greased and anointed
Up to the knuckles,
The bones her buckles
Together made fast ;
Her youth is far past :
Footed like a plane,
Legs like a crane,
And yet she will jet,
Like a jolly set,
In her furred flocket,
And gray russet rocket,
With Simper the cocket,
Her Huke of Lincoln green,
It had been hers, I ween,
More than forty year,
And so it doth appear,
And the green bare threads
Look like sere weeds, (dry)
Withered like hay,
The wool worn away,
And yet, I dare say,
She thinketh herself gay,
Upon the holy day,
When she doth her array :

And girdeth in her getes,
 Stitch'd and pranked with pleates;
 Her kirtle Bristow red,
 With cloaths upon her head,
 That they weigh a sow of lead,
 Wrythen in wondrous ways
 After the Saracen's guise;
 With a whim-wham,
 Knit with a trim-tram,
 Upon a brain pan,
 Like an Egyptian:
 Capped about,

When she goeth out
 Herself for to shew.
 She driveth down the dew
 With a pair of heels,
 As broad as two wheels:
 She hobbles as a goose,
 With her blanket hose;
 Her shoon smear'd with tallow,
 Like her face callow,
 Greas'd upon dirt
 That bandeth her skirt."

It is in the *Why come ye not to Court?* that we find the most interesting matter. We get a lively idea of Wolsey's ostentatious manner and tyrannical bearing.

Speaking of the French, the satirist says,

"But yet they overshoot us
 With crowns and with scutus,
 With scutes and crowns of gold,
 I dread we are bought and sold;
 It is a wonder's warke,
 They shoot all at one marke;
 At the cardinal's hat,
 They shoot all at that,
 Out of their strong towns,
 They shoot at him with crowns:
 With crowns of gold embas'd,
 They make him sore amaz'd,
 And his eyn so daz'd,
 That he no see can
 To know God nor man.
 He is set so high,
 In his hierarchy,
 Of frantick frenezy,
 And foolish fantasy,
 That in the chamber of stars,
 All matters there he mars;
 Clapping his rod on the board,

No man dare speak a word,
 For he hath all the saying,
 Without any renaying.
 He rolleth in his records,
 He saith, how say ye, my lords?
 Is not my reason good,
 Good even, good Robin Hood?
 Some say, Yes. And some
 Sit still as they were dumb;
 Thus thwarting over thumb
 He ruleth all the roast,
 With bragging and with boast,
 Borne up on every side
 With pomp and with pride,
 With tromp up alleluya,
 For dame Philargerya
 Hath so his heart in hold,
 He loveth nothing but gold;
 And Asmodeus of hell,
 Maketh his members swell,
 With Delilah to mel,
 That wanton damsel."

He thus goes on in his daring railing against this powerful minister:

"Once yet again,
 Of you I would fraine,
 Why come ye not to court?
 To which court?
 To the kinge's court,
 Or to Hampton court?
 Nay to the kinge's court.
 The kinge's court
 Should have the excellence,
 But Hampton court
 Hath the pre-eminence;
 And York's place,
 With my lord's grace;
 To whose magnificence,
 Is all the confluence,
 Suits, and supplications,
 Embassades of all nations;
 Straw for law canon,
 Or for the law common,
 Or for law civil,
 It shall be as he will;

Stop at law tancrete,
 An abstract or a concrete;
 Be it sour, be it sweet,
 His wisdom is so discreet,
 That in a fume or an heat,
 Warden of the fleet,
 Set him fast by the feet,
 And of his royal power,
 When him list to lour,
 Then have him to the Tower,
Sans autre remede:
 Have him forth bye and bye,
 To the marshalsy,
 Or to the King's Bench;
 He diggeth so in the trench
 Of the court royal,
 That he ruleth them all;
 So he doth underminde,
 And such sleights doth finde.
 That the king's mind
 By him is subverted,

And so straitly coarted (cowred,)
In credencing his tales,
That all is but nut-shales,
That any other saith,
He hath in him such faith.
Now, yet all this might be
Suffer'd and taken in gree,
If that that he wrought
To any good end were brought;
But all he bringeth to nought,
But God that me dear bought.

He beareth the king on hand,
That he must pyl his land
To make his coffers rich:
But he layeth all in the ditch,
And useth such abusion,
That, in the conclusion,
All cometh to confusion:
Perceive the cause why,
To tell the truth plainly,
He is so ambitious,
So shameless, and so vicious,
And so superstitious,
And so much oblivious,
From whence that he came,
That he falleth in a cisman:
Which truly to express,
Is a forgetfulness,
Or wilful blindness,
Wherewith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sights.

The Gommorians, also,
Were brought to deadly wo,
As scripture records,
A cecitate cordis:
In the Latin, sing we,
Libera nos, Domine.
But this mad Amalek,
Like to Amamelek,
He regardeth lords
No more than potshords;
He is in such elation,
Of his exaltation,
And the supportation
Of our sovereign lord,
That God to record,
He ruleth all, at will,
Without reason or skill,
Howbeit they be primordial,
Of his wretched original,
And his base progeny,
And his greasy genealogy.
He came of the sink royal,
That was cast out of a butcher's stall.

But, however he was born,
Men would have the less scorn,
If he could consider
His birth and room together,
And call to his mind,
How noble and how kind,
To him he hath found
Our sovereign lord, chief ground
Of all this prelacy,
And set him nobly,

In great authority,
Out from a low degree,
Which he cannot see,
For he was pardee,
No doctor of divinity,
Nor doctor of the law,
Nor of none other saw,
But a poor master of art,
God wot! had little part
Of the quatrivials,
Nor yet of trivials,
Nor of philosophy,
Nor of philology,
• Nor of good policy,
Nor of astronomy,
Nor acquainted worth a fly.
With honourable Haly,
Nor with royal Ptolomy,
Nor with Albumazar,
To treat of any star,
Fixt or yet mobile,
His Latin tongue doth hobble,
He doth but clout and cobble,
In Tully's faculty,
Called humanity:
Yet proudly he doth pretend,
How no man can him amend:
But have ye not heard this,
How a one-eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is among blind men.

Then our process for to stable.
This man was full unable
To reach to such degree,
Had not our princely
Royal Henry the Eighth,
Take him in such conceit,
That he set him on height,
In exemplyfying
Great Alexander the king,
In writing as we find,
Which, of his royal mind,
And of his noble pleasure,
Transcending out of measure.
Thought to do a thing
That pertaineth to a king,
To make up one of nought,
And made to him be brought
A wretched poor man,
Which his living wan,
With planting of leeks,
By the days and by the weeks:
And of this poor vassal,
He made a king royal,
And gave him a realm to rule.
That occupied a showel,
A mattoke, and a spade,
Before that he was made
A king, as I have told,
And ruled as he wold;
Such is a king's power,
To make within an hour,
And work such a miracle.
That shall be a spectacle

Of renown and worldly fame,
In likewise now the same
Cardinal is promoted,
Yet with lewd conditions noted,
As hereafter been noted.

Presumption and vain glory,
Envy, wrath, and lechery,
Covetess, and gluttony,
Slothful to do good,
Now frantick, now stark wode :
Should this man of such mode
Rule the sword of might,
How can he do right,
For he will as soon smite
His friend as his foe,
A proverb long ago.

Set up the wretch on high,
In a throne triumphantly,
Make him a great estate,
And he will play checkmate
With royal majesty ;
Count himself as good as
A prelate potential,
To rule under Belial
As fierce and as cruell
As the fiend of hell ;
His servants meniall
He doth revile and brawl,
Like Mahound in a play :
No man dare withsay.
He hath despite and scorn
At them that be well born,
He rebukes them and rails,
Ye whorsons, ye vassals,
Ye knaves, ye churls' sons,
Ye ribands, not worth two plums,
Ye rain-beaten beggars rejagged,
Ye recrayed ruffins all ragged ;
Thou peevish pie-pecked,
Thou losel long-necked,
Thus daily they be decked,
Taunted and checked,
That they are so wo,
They wot not whither to go.

No man dare come to the speech,
Of this gentle jack-breech,
Of what estate he be,
Of spiritual dignity,
Nor duke of high degree,
Nor marquess, earl, nor lord,
Which shrewdly doth accord.

Thus he, born so base,
All noblemen should outface,
His countenance like a Cæsar,
My lord is not at leisure ;
Sir, ye must tarry a stound (hour)

Till better leisure be found ;
And, sir, ye must dance attendance,
And take patient sufferance,
For my lord's grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speak with you as yet.

And thus they shall sit,
Chuse them sit or flit,
Stand, walk, or ride,
And his leisure abide
Perchance half a year,
And yet never the near.

This dangerous dowsipere,
Like a king's peer,
And within this sixteen year,
He would have been right fain
To have been a chaplain,
And have taken right great pain
With a poor knight,
Whatsoever he hight,
The chief of his own counsel,
They cannot well tell
When they with him should mell,
He is so fierce and fell :
He rails and he rates,
He calleth them doddy-pates ;
He grins and he gapes,
As it were Jack Napes,
Such a mad bedlem
For to rule this realm,
It is a wondrous case
That the king's grace
Is toward him so minded,
And so far blinded,
That he cannot perceive
How he doth him deceive ;
I doubt lest by sorcery,
Or such other loselry,
As witchcraft, or charming,
For he is the king's darling,
And his sweet hart-root,
And is governed by this mad koot :
For what is a man the better
For the king's letter ?
For he will tear it asunder,
Whereat much I wonder
How such a hoddy-poll
So boldly dare control,
And so malapertly withstand
The king's own hand,
And sets not by it a mite ;
He saith the king doth write,
And writeth he wot not what,
And yet for all that
The king his clemency
Dispenseth with his demensy."

This is certainly a sufficient specimen of this extraordinary versifier—both as to matter and manner. The talents of John Skelton are easily estimated. With strong sense, a vein of humour, and some imagination, he had a wonderful command of the English language. His rhymes are interminable, and often spun out beyond the sense in the wantonness of power. In judging of this old poet, we must always

recollect the state of poetry in his time and the taste of the age, which being taken into the account, we cannot help considering Skelton as an ornament of his own time, and a benefactor to those which came after him. Let him be compared to a fine old building, which once glittered in a wanton lavishment of ornament, and revelled in the profusion of its apartments, and in the number of its winding passages, is now grown unfit for habitation, and only remains as a model of the architecture of past times, and a fit subject for the reverence and the researches of the antiquarian.

ly have cancelled the obstinacy of national prejudice. But the officers to whom the execution of these laws was entrusted, abused the power conferred upon them by their prince, and used every means most assiduously to oppress and torment their subjugated enemies. Shamefully, indeed, were the Welsh treated by the king's officers; and we select a few curious examples of their unjustifiable tyranny, from a long

"Memorial of the Grievances and Injuries offered by the King and his officers to the men of Ros."

1. The Lord the King did promise the men of Ros that they should have justice in their suits: after granting of the which articles, the said men did homage to the king. And then the king promised them with his own mouth faithfully to observe the said articles. This notwithstanding, a certain noble man passing by the king's high way, with his wife, in the king's peace, met certain English labourers and masons going to Ruthlan, where they did their work: who attempted by force to take away his wife from him, and while he defended her as well as he could, one of them killed the wife, and he who killed her, with his fellows, was taken: and when the kindred of her which was slain, required law at the justice of Chester's hands (for their kinswoman), they were put in prison, and the murderers were delivered.

2. *Item*, a certain man killed a gentleman, who had killed the son of Grono ab Heilyn, and was taken: but when certain of the kindred required justice before the justice of Chester, certain of them were imprisoned, the offender set at liberty, and justice denied to the kindred.

3. *Item*, certain gentlemen claimed some lands, and offered the king a great piece of money, to have justice by the verdict of good and lawful men of the country; then the lands being adjudged to the claimers, Reginald Gray took the same lands, corn, goods, and all upon the ground, so that they lost their money, corn, and cattle.

4. *Item*, it is our right that no stranger shall cut our woods without our leave: yet this notwithstanding, there was a proclamation at Ruthlan, that it should be lawful for all other men to cut down our woods, but to us it was forbidden.

5. *Item*, when any cometh to Ruthlan with merchandise, if he refuse whatsoever any Englishman offereth, he is forthwith sent to the castle to prison, and the buyer hath the thing, and the king hath the price: then the soldiers of the castle first spoil and beat the party, and then cause him to pay the porter, and let him go.

6. *Item*, if any Welshman buy any thing in Ruthlan, and any Englishman do meet him, he will take it from him, and give him less than he paid for it.

7. *Item*, certain gentlemen of the Cantred (*hundred*) of Ros bought certain offices, and paid their money for the same: yet the justice of Chester took the said offices from them without cause.

8. *Item*, Grono ab Heilyn took to farm for four years of Godfrey Marliney, Maynan and

From the Retrospective Review.

THE HISTORY OF SIR OWAIN GLYNDWR; Lord of Corwen and Glyndwerdwy. MS. in the Mostyn Collection.

THE Welsh, after the conquest by Edward, in 1284, were cast into the most dismal and oppressive bondage. To remedy, in some degree, their miserable condition, their conqueror made only such alterations in their own native and peculiar laws, as should establish his conquest on a firmer foundation, while, at the same time, it should have the effect of ameliorating the miseries of their subjection. These alterations were well calculated to heal the wounds of the irritated Welshmen, and the advantages which they ought to have derived from such temperate and judicious enactments, would eventual-

Llysfaen; then Robert Cruquer came with his horses and arms to get the said lands by force, and for that Grono would not suffer him to have the said lands before his years came out, he was called to the law, and then Reginald Gray came with twenty-four horsemen to take the said Grono. And for that they could not that day have their purpose, they called Grono the next day to Ruthlan: and then Grono had counsel not to go to Ruthlan. Then they called him again to answer at Caerwys; but the said Grono durst not go thither but by the conduct of the bishop of St. Asaph, for that Reginald Gray was there and *his men in harness*.

9. *Item*, our causes ought to be decided after the custom of our laws; but our men be compelled to swear against their consciences, else they be not suffered to swear at all; furthermore, we spent three hundred marks in going to the king for justice in the foresaid articles. And when we believed to recover full justice, the king sent to our parties the Lord Reginald Gray, to whom the king hath set all the lands to farm, to handle the men of the said Cantreds (hundreds) as it pleaseth him: who compelled us to swear in his name, whereas we should swear only in the king's name. And where the king's cross ought to be erected, he caused his cross to be erected, in token that *he* was the very true lord. And the said Lord Reginald, at his coming to those parts of Wales, sold to certain servants of the king, offices of sixty marks, which the said servants bought before of the king for twenty-four marks, which offices ought not to be sold at the choice of the lord.*

This Reginald Gray appears to have been a most terrible despot, and no unworthy ancestor of the nobleman of the same name, whose oppressive persecutions first roused Owen Glendower to assert the trampled rights and liberties of his injured countrymen. It is elsewhere said of the former rapacious robber, that as soon as he returned to Wales, he determined to take "twenty-four men of every cantred, and either behead them, or imprison them perpetually;" which beneficent promise was backed by a threat, "that if they sent any to the king to complain, he would behead them also!"

These, in addition to the facts mentioned in a former article, will suffice to show how assiduously the new laws were contemned and violated by those very individuals whose duty it was to carry them fairly and justly into effect; and it requires no very great sagacity to foretell the consequences of these intemperate proceedings. Revolt after revolt sprang up to the great injury of the Welsh, who suffered severely for the temerity and boldness with which they asserted their rights and revenged their wrongs. But, plunged as they were into the most galling captivity by the stronger arm of their enemies, they continued, long after the subjugation of their country, to emit, at intervals, sparks of that fiery and indomitable valour, which all the oppressive efforts of their enemies could not quench entirely.

The affairs of the Welsh were in this situation, and an interval of nearly a century and a

half had elapsed since the conquest, when a champion sprang forth from the very midst of this disgraceful gloom, whose valour had well nigh dissevered the chain which bound them so strongly, and whose name will never be breathed by his countrymen, except with sentiments of pride and admiration. We need scarcely add that this heroic champion was OWEN GLENDOWER.

Owen Vychan, or Vaughan, usually called Glyndwr, was born on the 25th May, 1349, "a year," we are informed, "remarkable for the first appearance of the pestilence in Wales, and for the birth of Owen Glendower." Holinshed, who seems to have imbibed a most bitter antipathy to the "Welsh rebel," as he calls him, relates a circumstance attending the birth of the chieftain, which is, doubtless, intended to bear some allusion to his sanguinary and turbulent career: "strange wonders," he says, "happened at the birth of this man: for the same night that he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies!" He became allied to the house of Hammer, in Flintshire, a family of great antiquity and influence in the country, by marriage with Margaret, daughter of Sir David Hammer, chief justice of the king's bench in the reign of Richard II.; and he appears to have chosen, not only an amiable and virtuous dame, but a very benevolent and prolific one: for *Jolo Goch*, the chieftain's chief-bard, thus eulogizes her transcendent virtues:

*A Gioraig orau o'r gwragedd!
Gwynn y myd, o'i Gwin a'i medd.
Merch eglur, Llin marchawglyw,
Urddol, hael, o reiwl ryw.
A'i blant, a ddeuant bob ddau
Nythod tēg o bennaethaw!"*

His wife the best of wives!
Happy am I in her wine and mead.
Eminent woman of a knightly race,
Honourable, beneficent, noble.
Her children come in pairs,
A beautiful nest of chieftains!

A large family was the result of this union; and the sons followed their father to the field, while the daughters were married to chieftains of considerable wealth and eminence in the country.

Glendower was a lineal descendant from the princes of Wales, and lord of considerable possessions near Corwen, in Merionethshire. He received his education in England, and was admitted a student in one of the Inns of Court in

* The family name of the hero was Vychan or Vaughan; he is styled Glyndwr, from his patrimony of Glyndwrwy, or *The Bank-side of the Dee*. No name, perhaps, has been so variously contorted; he is called indifferently Glendower, Glendour, Glendower, Glyndour, Glyndwr, and Glyndwr. The last, according to the Welsh orthography, is the most correct; but we have adopted the first as more consonant with English construction. In one statute (4 Hen. IV. c. 34.), he is described as "Owen ap Glyndourdy, traitour a nostre Seignour le Roy."

* From a MS. in the Hengwrt collection.

London; for, says Holinshed, "he was first set to study the laws of the realm, and became an utter barrister, or apprentice of the law, as they term him." But he soon quitted the drudgery of this profession for avocations more congenial to his ardent and sanguine disposition; and, during the tumults which agitated the country in the reign of Richard II., he did not remain an inactive spectator, but warmly espoused the cause of the king, to whom he was truly attached. He signalized himself even at this early age, and, as a reward for his loyalty and valour, he was created a knight, and appointed *scutiger*, or squire of the body to that unfortunate monarch, whose fortunes he followed with fidelity as long as his services could be rendered useful. When his royal master was deposed, Owen retired to his estates in Wales, deprecating and lamenting the downfall of his revered sovereign.

At Glyndwrwy, then, four centuries ago, lived this Cambrian hero, dispensing numerous blessings amongst his happy and devoted tenants, and, probably, with no loftier wishes than those of contributing to the contentment and happiness of his numerous dependants. His establishment was every way worthy of his rank, and his wealth was rendered tributary to that spirit of boundless hospitality, which it was the pride of the Welsh knight to display. Jolo, his favourite bard, informs us, that within the mansion were nine spacious halls, each furnished with a wardrobe containing clothing for his retainers. On a verdant bank, near the castle, was a wooden building, erected on pillars, and covered with tiles: it contained eight apartments, designed as sleeping chambers for such guests as graced the castle with their company. In the immediate vicinity of the residence, was every requisite for the laudable purposes of good eating and drinking;—a park, well stocked with deer; a warren, a pigeon-house, and heronry; a mill, an orchard, a vineyard; with a preserve, or stew, well filled, at all times, with pike, trout, and salmon. The hospitality of the chieftain was so profuse, says the bard, that rich or poor, young or old, all were welcome to the good cheer of the castle. In short, Glendwr lived in his castle like a generous and wealthy lord of the soil; and having imbibed from his English education, and from his subsequent residence at court, a taste for a more civilized mode of existence than was then common in Wales, Glyndwrwy afforded pastimes and amusements of a more rare, and, consequently, of a more costly character, than could be found elsewhere in the principality. A marked and very prominent feature in Glendwr's charac-

* A green hillock, by the river side, surrounded with oak and fir trees, and about six miles north-east of Corwen, marks the spot where the mansion of the "wild irregular Glendwr" was situated, and all that now remains of it, are a few loose grey stones, scattered about on the eminence. The spot is beautifully secluded, and we have often stopped to admire its beauties, and to indulge in a little retrospective contemplation, as we pursued our angling diversions along the banks of that fine river, the Dee.

ter, at this time, was the encouragement and liberality which he extended to the then persecuted and despised race of poets. We are informed, by a writer whose researches on the subject of the Welsh bards have been hitherto unrivalled, that, although the once highly-venerated order of Bardism had fallen into sad decay, there remained yet many master-spirits of poesy among the hills. "*Hoc uero*," he says, "*multi claruere Bardi, inter quos Jolo Goch (Jolo the Red,) Oweni magnificentiam et victorias ad sidera tulit, fuit enim Owenus bardorum fautor et Mæneas, et eos undique ad aulam liberalitate provocabat.*"* It was this kindness towards the bards which contributed, more than any other circumstance, to render the chieftain an object of adoration to the Welsh; for one of the greatest calamities which had happened to the Cambro-British, was the contempt and misery into which this favoured race had fallen. The provisions made in the national laws, for the encouragement and protection of bards, evince the very high estimation in which they were held by their countrymen. "The domestic bard," says the law, "shall receive a beast out of every spoil, at the taking of which he is present, besides a man's share according to his rank in the household. Therefore, if there be fighting, he shall sing the Monarchy of Britain, (*Unbenach y Prydein*,) in front of the battle. When a bard shall ask a gift of the prince, let him sing one piece; when he asks of a baron, let him sing three pieces; and should he ask of a vilein, let him sing till he fall asleep. His land shall be free, and he shall have a horse in attendance from the king. The chief of song shall begin the singing in the hall. He shall be next but one to the head of the family. He shall have a harp from the king, and a gold ring from the queen, when his office is secured to him. The harp he shall never part with." That the bards sometimes presumed upon their sacred and privileged character, is naturally to be expected; but so highly were they venerated, that their audacity was never punished. The prediction of the oracular Merlin to the profligate Vortigern presents one instance of this presumption; but Taliesin's imprecation on Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, affords a more striking proof of the boldness of the bard. The prince, it seems had offended him, and Taliesin invoked the following curse:—"Be neither blessing nor success to Maelgwyn Gwynedd! May vengeance overtake him, for the wrongs, the treachery, and the cruelty he has shown to the race of Arthur! Waste lie his lands, short be his life, extensive be vengeance on Maelgwyn Gwynedd! A strange animal shall come from Morfa Rhianedd, shaggy, long-toothed, and fire-eyed. This shall be vengeance on Maelgwyn Gwynedd!"†

It was, then, in the encouragement of the arts of poetry and music, as well as of those appertaining to the cultivation of the land, and

* Evan Evans's "*Dissertatio de Bardis*," fol. 89.

† Robert's "*Chronicle of the Kings of Britain*," p. 121; and Wotton's "*Leges Wallicæ*," sub voce "Bardus."

in the exercise of all those open-hearted courtesies, in which the opulent and generous Welshman delights to indulge, including, of course, all the customary pastimes of the age, that Owen Glendowr passed his time, during the period immediately consequent upon the downfall of his royal master. We are anxious to place his actual condition at this time before the reader, that he may perceive how careless the Welsh knight was, with regard to the more stirring events of the world. Unambitious of future fame, or present glory,—contented and happy, he dwelt in the bosom of his family, beloved by all, and much venerated by his numerous dependants. That this was a happy state of existence, will readily be admitted by those who have mingled much with the world; but a fiend broke in upon this paradise on earth, and turned all its peace and felicity into the peril of the tented field, and the active bustle of war and defiance.

The exciting cause of Glendowr's insurrection will display another striking proof of that despotic audacity, which the English nobility too frequently exercised towards the Welsh. Lord Reginald Gray, of Ruthin, a descendant, by the way, of the worthy whose exploits we have already related, imbibed a fancy for some hills, which were contiguous to his own lordship, but which had, from time immemorial, been the property of the Glendowrs; and he, therefore, "as the custom then was," coolly took possession of them. This unjust seizure produced a suit in the courts of law, in which the Welsh chieftain obtained a restitution of his lands, and Lord Gray became, in consequence, his most deadly and inveterate enemy.

On the accession of Henry IV., Gray, relying upon the favour and protection of his monarch, again seized those lands, which had been legally awarded to Owen; and when the latter laid his case before the Parliament, he obtained no redress, nor was his application even noticed. This contumely was aggravated by an insult of greater, and, eventually, of fatal, consequence. When Henry went on his first expedition against the Scots, Owen was to have accompanied him, with a certain number of his retainers. A writ of summons, for this purpose, was entrusted to Gray, who designedly and rashly withheld it, till the time for the Welsh knight's appearance had elapsed, and it was impossible for him to obey the royal mandate. Lord Gray represented Glendowr's absence as an act of wilful, and, therefore, of traitorous disobedience; by which wicked and treacherous transaction, he procured, from the king, a grant of *all* Owen's lands, the knight himself being, at the same time, formally declared a traitor. This put an end, at once, to all pacific negotiation. The lion was now fairly roused from his lair, and, in a short time, Owen Glendowr, with a trusty and gallant band of Britons, was spreading fire and desolation through the territories of the presumptuous Gray. He soon recovered the lands of which he had been so unjustly deprived; and, actuated by the spirit of retaliation, took possession of a large portion of the domains of his enemy. But the consequences did not rest here. The mountain wilds of Snowdon and Cader Idris resounded with the tumultuous

din of insurrection. Tidings of the chieftain's success ran, like wild-fire, along the hills, and "Liberty and Vengeance!" was once more the terrific war-cry of the Welsh. Glendowr himself, too, shook off his lethargy. Ambition now entered his mind; he called to his recollection his high and princely lineage, and, directing his arms to a nobler cause than the redressing of his own wrongs, he involved both nations in a war which lasted some years, sacrificed many thousand lives, and drenched both countries with blood.

Although the Welsh were, at first, despised as a barefooted rabble,* and their disaffection treated with contempt, they were soon found to be a formidable and dangerous enemy. The intelligence of Glendowr's retaliation upon Lord Gray no sooner reached the court, than the king immediately despatched some troops under the command of that nobleman, and the Lord Talbot, to chastise him; and they arrived with such speed and diligence, that they nearly succeeded in surrounding his house before he gained any intimation of their approach. He contrived, however, to escape into the woods, where he did not long remain; but, having raised a band of men, and caused himself to be proclaimed Prince of Wales, on the 20th of September, 1400, he surprised, plundered, and burnt to the ground the greater part of the town of Ruthin (the property of Lord Gray), at a time when a fair was held there. Having achieved this, he retreated to the mountain-fastnesses of Merionethshire, and directed his attention to the speedy and effectual augmentation of his forces.

Hitherto the disturbance in the principality had been chiefly considered as a private quarrel between Gray and Glendowr, and the English government did not seem to be much concerned as to the issue. Now, however, it assumed a more serious and important aspect, and became altogether an international contest. The proclamation issued by Owen alarmed Henry, who determined to march in person into Wales to curb the boldness of the rebel-chieftain, and to crush, if possible, a revolt daily becoming more extensive and momentous. For this purpose, he assembled his troops, and hastened into Wales; but Glendowr, whose forces were not yet sufficiently powerful, retreated to the fastnesses of Snowdon, and Henry was compelled to return to England, without having obtained any material advantage. In order, however, to weaken his opponent, he made a grant of all the chieftain's estates, in North and South Wales, to his own brother, John, Earl of Somerset; and

* John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, foreseeing the danger of driving into desperate measures a person of Owen's interest, spirit, and abilities, advised more temperate proceedings, adding, that Owen was by no means a despicable enemy, and that the Welsh would assuredly be provoked into a general insurrection. His advice was rejected, and he was answered by an English nobleman in the House of Lords. "*Se de illis scurris nudipedibus non curare.*" Penant, vol. 3, p. 319. Svo. Edition, and "Barrington's Observations on the Ancient Statutes."

act as ineffectual as it was irritating; for Glendowr was so far from any danger of being dispossessed of them, that, at this very time, he was daily growing more powerful, by the accession of new forces. It is remarkable, that the chieftain's revenue, in money, at this period, did not exceed 300 marks, which shows that his rents in kind must have been very considerable.

Preparations were now made by the king to commence a regular war with the Welsh; and that they might have no plea of undue severity to urge, a proclamation was issued on the 30th of November, in the same year (1400), offering to protect all Welshmen who would repair to Chester, and there make submission to Prince Henry, after which they should be at full liberty to return to their respective homes. Few, however, availed themselves of the monarch's clemency. The martial spirit of the Welsh was once more kindled into action; and Glendowr found his cause warmly espoused by great numbers of his countrymen. Multitudes from all quarters flocked to his standard, and contributed to make him a most formidable opponent,—so formidable, indeed, that Henry, notwithstanding some very urgent affairs which had detained him at the capital, resolved to march again into Wales; and, entering the principality about the beginning of June, 1401, he ravaged the country in his progress; but was finally forced to retreat, his men having suffered severely from fatigue and famine.

The misfortunes which befel the king's army greatly encouraged the rebels; and a comet, which ushered in the year 1402, infused new spirit into the minds of a superstitious people, and imparted additional vigour to their exertions. A victory, also, which Glendowr obtained, about this time, over a powerful force commanded by Lord Gray, strengthened their hopes of success, and gained the chieftain many friends and followers. By this event, Gray fell into the hands of the insurgents, and was secured in close confinement till a ransom of six thousand marks, and, in accordance with the rude policy of the age, a promise to marry one of Owen's daughters, released him from captivity.* So elevated were the Welsh with these simultaneous successes, that, if we may believe the prejudiced Holinshed, they were "uplifted with high pride, and their wicked and presumptuous attempts were marvellously increased." At all events, the Welsh patriot now extended his designs, and plundered the domains of all such as were inimical to him, spreading fire and sword through the lands of his opponents. He revenged, also, in some degree, the indignities inflicted upon his royal master, the ill-fated

Richard, for whom he seems to have entertained strong feelings of regard and commiseration. John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, who had voted for the deposition of that unfortunate king, became a marked object of his vengeance; and the cathedral, episcopal palace, and canon's houses belonging to the see, were ransacked and destroyed.

But none suffered so severely as the vassals of Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, a child of ten years old, and who, with his brother Roger, was at that time in the custody of the king. Henry was very sensible of the just claim which this child had to the crown, for his title to the sovereignty had been formally acknowledged by the Parliament, on account of his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third. Owen, also, was sufficiently aware of the importance of this youthful nobleman, and he directed his attention to the plundering of his domains, hoping, eventually, to become possessed of his person. But his designs were most valiantly resisted by Sir Edward Mortimer, uncle to the earl, who, unable any longer to endure the depredations of Glendowr, collected a large body of his nephew's retainers, and marched boldly to stem the progress of the invader. A bloody engagement ensued on Bryn-gläs, a mountain south-west of Knighton, in Radnorshire, and victory declared in favour of Owen. Stow asserts, that the archers of Mortimer's army bent their bows against their own party; but another old writer affirms, that the earl's Welsh tenants took to flight, on the first onset, and this occasioned his defeat.* However this may be, Sir Edward Mortimer sustained a very heavy loss, and was himself taken prisoner by the Welsh. It was after this engagement that those disgusting practices, alluded to by Shakspeare, and detailed by Walsingham and Holinshed, are said to have been performed on the lifeless bodies of the enemy. "Such shameful villany," says the latter, "was executed upon the carcasses of the dead men, by the Welsh, as the like (I do believe) hath never or seldom been practised . . . which is worthy to be recorded, to the shame of a sex, pretending to the title of weaker vessels, and yet raging with such force of fierceness and barbarism."†

Owen's ravages became now so considerable, and were so fearlessly committed, that Henry was once more compelled to march into Wales; and, to insure success, it was determined that the English army should enter the principality in three different quarters. The rendezvous of the first division, headed by the king in person, was to be at Shrewsbury; that of the second, under the joint command of the Earls of Stafford and Warwick, and the Barons Abergavenny, Audley, and Berkeley, at Hereford; and that of the third, under the direction of Prince Henry, at Chester: the forces were to be assembled at each place by the 27th of August.

Glendowr beheld these formidable prepara-

* "Vita Ricardi Secundi," p. 178.

† "Holinshed's Historie," p. 527. See, also, "Walsingham, apud Camden. Scrip. Angl." p. 577.

* His release, however, was not effected without the formality of a special commission appointed by the king, and dated the 10th of October, 1402. By this commission, Sir William de Ross, Sir Richard de Gray, Sir William de Willoughby, Sir William de la Zouch, and six other persons, were empowered to treat with Owen about the ransom, when 6000 marks was the sum agreed upon; and his lordship was accordingly liberated. ("Rymer," viii. 279.)

tions without dismay, and continued to devastate the country, destroying the principal towns in Glamorganshire, the inhabitants of that district having refused to embrace his cause, and receiving from all other parts of Wales fresh succours and supplies.

At the time appointed, Henry and his generals advanced towards the principality, and Glendowr, too prudent to hazard an engagement with a force so superior, in every respect, to his own, again retired to the fastnesses among the mountains, driving the cattle from the plains, and destroying every means by which the enemy could procure food for themselves or forage for their horses. The English, willing to conceal their shame, attributed the cause of their ill success to the incantations of the British chieftain, who, as Holinshed expresses it, "Through art magic (*as was thought*) caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snows, and hail, to be raised, for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of." Perhaps Glendowr, as well to infuse terror into his foes as to give his own people a more exalted notion of his powers, might politically insinuate his skill in spells and charms. This species of credulity was in full vigour at the time, and it is not improbable that the mountain-chief might have endeavoured to influence his followers by pretending to a proficiency in the mystic arts of sorcery and divination.

The Scots now took advantage of the king's absence from the capital, and, under the command of the renowned Archibald Douglas, the Tyneman, invaded England with an army of thirteen thousand men. It is probable, that they acted in concert with the Welsh. Both nations had been rendered tributary to the English by the same compulsory and irksome measures, both entertained a common hatred for their conquerors, and both had groaned under their oppressive domination. Be this as it may, the revolt in the north was of no small advantage to Glendowr, for this event, and the adverse state of the weather, contributed to compel Henry, once more, to relinquish his design of reducing the Welsh rebels; and, for the third time, he quitted the principality without having accomplished any part of his purpose.

"Three times did Henry Bolingbroke make head
Against the Welsh: thrice from the banks of
Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, did they send
Him bootless back, and weather-beaten home."

The crown of England now began to totter on the brow of the usurper Bolingbroke; for, in addition to his disasters in Wales, the powerful and wealthy family of the Percies conspired to throw off its allegiance to Henry. A dispute between the king and the Earl of Northumberland appears to have been the primary cause of this disaffection; and, perhaps, the desire of becoming entirely independent might have contributed, in no small degree, to the same effect. At all events, be the causes what they may, this family, and its numerous adherents, joined Glendowr, and added very materially to the power of the Welsh. The rebels gained another very important ally this year.

Sir Edward Mortimer, whom we have already mentioned, Glendowr had taken prisoner at the battle of Bryn-glâs. He procured the alliance of this knight, whom he had treated with great kindness and liberality since his capture, by insinuating that it might be in his power to seat the representative of his house upon the throne of his ancestors—a temptation not to be withstood by the brave and ambitious captive. Glendowr, therefore, Sir Edward Mortimer, and the gallant Percy, entered into a confederacy to overthrow the House of Lancaster, and to advance to the sovereignty of England the youthful descendant of the Plantagenets. So confident were the rebel chieftains of success, that they determined, beforehand, to divide the empire between them, so that, when they had subdued their opponents, no discord might arise as to a division of the booty. Henry Percy was to possess the district north of the Trent; Sir Edward Mortimer all the country from the Trent and Severn to the eastern and southern limits of the island; and Glendowr the whole of Wales, westward from the Severn. It was on this occasion, that Owen, to animate his followers, reminded them of the ancient bardic prophecy, which predicted the fall of Henry, under the name of *Moldwarp*, or "cursed of God's own mouth;" and to revive those pleasing and heroic sentiments, which are always associated, in the mind of a Briton, with the achievements of the mighty Uthyr Pendragon, (the father of the immortal Arthur) he adopted the title of the Dragon; Percy was styled the Lion, and Mortimer the Wolf; and, now in the meridian of his glory, he assembled the states of the principality at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, where he was formally crowned and acknowledged Prince of Wales.*

At this assembly, the newly-crowned prince narrowly escaped assassination. A gentleman of Brecknockshire, called Dafydd Gam (afterwards knighted, for preserving the life of Henry the Fifth, at the battle of Agincourt,) was among the chieftains who attended the coronation of Glendowr. He had been long in the service of Bolingbroke, and was firmly attached to that king. Instigated by his attachment to Henry, or, as some say, by the personal exhortations of the monarch himself, he formed the cowardly design of murdering his prince. His plot, however, was timely discovered, and he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison. He would have met with the punishment due to the crime he meditated, had not the prince's most zealous friends exerted their influence in his behalf. He was pardoned, therefore, upon condition that he would adhere, in future, to the common cause of his countrymen, a condition that he had no opportunity of observing, as he was kept in rigid confinement for the remainder of the war.

The affairs of Owen Glendowr now bore so prosperous an aspect, that Charles, King of France, entered into an alliance with him,†

* The building in which this memorable Synod was convened, is still to be seen: it forms part of the stables of the principal inn at Machynlleth.

† The treaty, which is still in existence, is

and compensated, in a slight degree, for the loss of the gallant and high-spirited Hotspur, who fell in the battle of Oswestry, about a year before. But he did not reap any very extensive advantages from this union. When it was contracted, he appears to have arrived at the very acmé of his career, and the crisis was any thing but favourable. Although fortune had hitherto smiled upon him, the time was not far distant when he was to experience her capricious mutability; for, in an engagement between a party of his adherents (in number about eight thousand,) and some English troops, the former were defeated with great loss. To repair this misfortune, Glendowr instantly despatched his son Gruffydd, with a strong force; and another battle was fought five days afterwards at Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, in Brecknockshire, when the Welsh again sustained a defeat, the prince's son being taken prisoner, and his brother Tudor slain. The latter resembled the prince so closely, that it was at first reported that Glendowr himself had fallen; but, on examining the body, it was found to be without a wart over the eye, by which the brothers were distinguished from each other.

After this defeat, many of the patriot's followers deserted him, and he was compelled to conceal himself in caves and desert places; from which he occasionally ventured forth to visit a few trusty friends, who still adhered to him, and who supported him with food and other necessaries.*

It is possible that our chieftain's career would have terminated without further hostilities, had not his new ally, the king of France, afforded him assistance. A fleet, carrying an army of twelve thousand men, sailed from Brest, and reached Wales after a favourable voyage. But this succour, seasonable and liberal as it was, seemed only to prolong the war, without being eventually of any important service. Glendowr never perfectly recovered the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn. From that time he acted chiefly on the defensive, or meditated nothing more than mere marauding excursions: his followers were daily forsaking him, and he was at length obliged to seek refuge among the mountains, from whence he never emerged to perform any exploit of consequence. "A world it was," says an old annalist, "to see his quotidian removing, his painful and busy wandering, his troublesome and uncertain abiding, his continual motion, his daily peregrination

dated from Dolgelley, in right royal style: "Datum apud Dolgellum, 10 die mensis Maii, 1404, et Principatus nostri quarto," and begins, "Owenus, Dei gratia, Princeps Walliæ, &c." *Rymer*, viii. 356.

* There is a cavern near the seaside in the romantic and wild district of Celynin, in Merionethshire, still called *Ogof Owain*, or the Cave of Owen. Into this he has often crept in our boyhood, but we did not then know that it had afforded shelter and concealment to "the last of Cambria's patriots, wild Glendowr." Such, however, is the fact, and he was supported here by his kinsmen, Ednyfed ab Aaron, the representative of the Royal tribe of Ednowain ab Bradwen.

in the desert felles and craggy mountains of that barren, unfertile, and depopulate country."* Notwithstanding his ill fortune, however, he was still considered so important an enemy, that Henry the Fifth condescended to propose terms for a cessation of hostilities: and a treaty to this effect was concluded a short time before his death, which happened on the 20th of September, 1415; and afterwards renewed with his son Meredydd, on the 24th of February in the year following.† This, let us observe, contradicts the general opinion that the Cambrian patriots died in extreme distress—"lacking meat to sustain nature, and for mere hunger and lack of food miserably pining away." It was immediately after the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, that he experienced those calamities usually attributed to a later period of his life; and we have every reason to suppose that he died—broken, indeed, in body, but unsubdued in spirit. As to the miserable deprivations alluded to by Hall, and other chroniclers, they must have been merely imaginary, as his death took place at the house of one of his daughters, who had married a wealthy knight of Herefordshire. Rapin says, that he did not die till the year 1417; but the Welsh accounts, to be preferred in this case, place the event in 1415; and they further state that he was buried in the church-yard of Monnington in the above-named county, although there is now neither monument nor memorial of any kind to mark the spot where his bones were laid.

Thus died Owen Glendowr, after an eventful life of sixty-six years. Considering the gloom of the age in which he lived, he was, in every respect, a very important and extraordinary character; and possessed a rare combination of physical as well as moral excellencies. He was bold, active, ambitious, and brave: he had the "will to dare, and the power to do," and he possessed no inconsiderable portion of military skill. He was hospitable to profuseness, the patron and liberal encourager of bards, the protector of the injured, the father and the friend of his devoted dependents. In his friendships he was eager, confiding, and faithful even unto death—in his enmities, he was unforgiving, cruel, and revengeful. In his general character, he was patriotic, enthusiastic, irascible, and impetuous, so that in him were combined all the characteristics of the warm-hearted Cambro-Briton; and his gallant spirit, unsubdued to the last, achieved those exploits, which are familiar to this day to the mountain-peasant of Merionethshire. Owen was also deeply imbued with all the dark superstitions of the time. The fearful omens, which he doubtless believed had ushered in his birth, had considerable influence upon his future life. At his nativity

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the fields.
These signs had mark'd him extraordinary,
And all the courses of his life did show
He was not in the roll of common men."

Shakspeare, indeed, has gloriously delineated the portrait of this remarkable man. His

* Hall's *Chronicle*, 19. † *Rymer*, ix. 233.

belief in supernatural agency—nay, more,—his exulting boast that he “could call spirits from the vasty deep,” and his ill-constrained cholera at the taunts of the provoking Hotspur, are admirable illustrations of what we have every reason to suppose might have been the character of the Cambrian chief: and, although in this enlightened age, we cannot but regard with detestation the cruelties which, in compliance with the custom of the times, he often inflicted upon those who fell into his hands, yet we must admire his heroism, and admit that the causes which incited him to arms, in the first instance, were a powerful extenuation of the illegality of his conduct. But it is of little importance now, whether he might have been justified or not in the course which he pursued. Years have rolled on, and repaired the ravages which he and his opponents committed; the bones of his brave warriors have mouldered into dust, and no traces of their valiant exploits remain, save such as tradition will supply in the minds of their admiring countrymen.

The laws, which were enacted by the English parliament in consequence of the insurrection of Owen Glendowr, subjected the Welsh, as we have in another place observed, to a state of bondage, if possible more severe than that in which they were immersed previous to the rebellion. While they were yet in arms, the provisions of these statutes could not well be enforced; but no sooner was the rebellion quelled, than they were put into execution with the most relentless promptitude and vigilance. In 1400, (2 Hen. IV.) an act passed, by which all native Welshmen were incapacitated from purchasing property in England, or from being made burgesses in any of the English towns; and they were not allowed to hold any civil office whatever. In consequence, also, of the complaints, which were daily made of the daring incursions of the Welsh borderers, (in which they frequently plundered the English lordships to a very large amount,) it was enacted, that, if restitution was not made within seven days after request had been preferred under the seal of the sheriff, mayor, or bailiff, of the place, where the injured party dwelt, it was lawful for the aggrieved person to arrest any Welshman coming from the district, where the plunderer resided, with goods or cattle for sale; and he was to be detained, although he bore no relation whatever to the robbers, until complete satisfaction had been rendered for the robbery.

In 1402 the tumults in Wales seem to have engrossed a considerable portion of the attention of the legislature, as several enactments were made for the purpose of limiting the extension of the revolt. In the first place, it was ordained, that an Englishman marrying a Welshman should lose his privileges, and become incapable of enjoying any office in the principality. No Englishman, by the same statute, (4 Hen. IV.) could be convicted in Wales at the suit of a Welshman, unless by English justices, and on the evidence of English burgesses. It was, also, enacted that there should be no “westours, rymours, ministrals, ou autres vacabondes, pur faire *Rymorthas*, ou collage,” no wasters, rhymers, ministrals, or other vagabonds, to institute assemblies or

collections;* that no Welshman should bear arms; that no victual, arms, or ammunition should be conveyed into Wales, “sanz speciale congee de nostre seigneur le Roy, ou de son conseil; and that no Welshman should possess or command any “chastel, fortresse, ne maison defensive,” but that the castles in Wales should be garrisoned by Englishmen, and by such as were “estranges a les seignories ou les detz chastelx sont assiz.”

Such is the substance of the most important acts which were passed in the reign of Henry IV.: his successor added others not quite so rigorous, and certainly more beneficial. By the laws of Wales, the evidence of three hundred men was necessary for the acquittal of a foreigner accused of any crime or misdemeanor. This was called an *Assach*,† and

* Some of these terms require explanation. “A player at wasters,” Mr. Barrington informs us, on the authority of Minshew, “signifies a cudgeller;” but an ingenious correspondent supposes it rather to imply “a wrestler,” from “wast,” *hodie* waist. Mr. Pennant, however, offers another signification. He supposes it corrupted from *gwester*, which, in Welsh, means “the proprietor of a place of public entertainment;” and such a place, he observes, must have been very convenient for rendezvous of this nature. *Tours*, vol. iii. p. 389. The word *Kymortha* is misspelt from the Welsh *cymorth*, (plural *cymorthau*) an assembly of people to assist each other in manual labour. They exist even at present, and there are *cymorthau* for spinning, for works of husbandry, and for other employments. But we are inclined to believe that the *cymorthau* of that period were rather of a political character. They were composed, says Mr. Pennant, of men the most dreaded by tyrants and usurpers; of *bards*, who animated their countrymen, by recalling to their recollection the heroic exploits of their ancestors, and by relating, in soul-stirring and immortal verse, their sanguinary and successful contests with the Saxons and the Romans. They revived, also, the remembrance of ancient prophecies, and showed that, in the hero Glendowr, descended from the illustrious race of their princes, was to be expected the completion of the fondly cherished predictions of the oracular Merlin. The band of Minstrels now struck up, and the harp and the pipe filled up the measure of that overpowering enthusiasm, which their wild recitations had already engendered. The people afterwards rushed fearlessly to battle, and, like their ancestors, when excited by the chants of the Druids, despised that death, which was destined to confer upon them an envied immortality.

Inde ruendi

In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis, et ignavum est redituræ parcere vitæ.

† This law is not contained in the ancient national code of Hywel Dda, which did not, in any case, require more than forty-eight compurgators. It appears to have been enacted, we know not with what right, subsequently to the Conquest, for the purpose, no doubt, of retaliating upon the English for their oppressive

a twentieth part of this preposterous number of compurgators could very rarely be procured by an Englishman, the suspected criminal was liable to languish in prison for life. It was, therefore, enacted (1 Hen. V. c. 6.), that every attempt to enforce this law should be a penal offence; and the punishment consisted of two years' imprisonment, the payment of treble costs, and a fine and ransom, "devaunt qu'il soit deliverez hors de prisone."

These laws, like those enacted by Edward at the conquest, were abused in their execution to a most unjustifiable extent; and the condition of the Welsh, who were exposed, with very inadequate means of resistance, to the full brunt of revengeful power, became forlorn and miserable in the extreme. So wretchedly were they situated, that nothing was punished by law, whatsoever happened, neither could they obtain relief in any shape from the English justices. To remedy this transcendent evil, a few of the principal landholders in North Wales assembled in different parts of the principality, in order to enforce the observance of justice by their own influence, without any other legal sanction, and the following is a brief summary of the resolutions which they adopted. In the first place, it was agreed, that no cognizance should be taken of the offences committed during the actual period of the rebellion, but all wrongs inflicted before or after that turbulent time were to be redressed. Every one was to have his property restored to him without law-suit; and any goods detained after the promulgation of this enactment were to be considered as stolen; or, if they were sold, the seller was to be fined ten pounds, and restitution made to the right owner. If the refractory person died, the demand continued against his widow, heirs, or executors; but if they, or she, denied the demand, the plaintiff must procure six compurgators to swear to the right of his claim; but, like the English in cases of jury, the defendant was permitted to challenge any of the said compurgators. After this, follow various regulations for restoring the shattered government of the country, and several laws relative to waifs, and estrays, vagrants, bail, recovery of debt, manslaughter, murder, and theft. The code concludes with the valuation of the several goods and chattels in common use, more especially with reference to animals. For example, a horse, or mare, sound in wind or limb, was valued at ten shillings; a foal at twenty pence, an ox at a mark, and a cow at ten shillings. The hire of an ox and the milk of a cow were, also, valued: a ewe was reckoned worth sixteen-pence, her wool four-pence, her milk two-pence, and her lamb eight-pence. "As a proof of the high value of arms," says Mr. Pennant, "and that we had few ma-

conduct towards the Welsh. The literal meaning of the word *assach* seems to have mightily puzzled the learned. It was proposed as a query to the Society of Antiquaries, in the reign of James I., when a Mr. Jones, who was esteemed a good Welsh scholar, declared that he could not pretend to interpret the word. Richards, however, in his Dictionary, renders it "oath."

nufactures of that kind, a two-handed sword was valued at ten shillings (the price of a horse or cow, be it observed;) a single-handed one at six shillings and eight-pence; and a stell buckler at two shillings and eight-pence; but, what is very singular," he continues, "a bow, which they could at all times easily make, was valued at sixteen-pence, and an arrow at six-pence." The only penalty attached to a violation of these laws was the forfeiture of all claim to the benefit of the compact, which, in those unhappy and unsettled times, was probably a sufficient punishment, as it left the contumacious party unsupported and friendless.

But, after all, these regulations, judicious and salutary as they might be, were only serviceable to the Welsh themselves,—they had no effect whatever on the English. In their relation to them, therefore, they were still exposed to manifold evils. Altogether deprived of the benefits arising from an impartial administration of justice; still pertinaciously attached to the unshackled customs of their ancestors; holding in utter detestation the English and their country, and burning with an eager and unquenchable desire of revenge, their grand and almost exclusive object was to avenge the indignities, which had been so abundantly heaped upon them, and which they were daily receiving at the hands of their powerful persecutors. For this purpose, as well as for the purposes of actual subsistence, they plundered and laid waste the lordships on the confines of Wales with unceasing activity, and a species of petty warfare was established between the English and Welsh borderers, which was carried on with the utmost rancour and animosity. Every thing like legal or moral restraint was wholly out of the question: the stoutest heart and the strongest arm carried the point in utter contempt of all alleged right, or reasonable remonstrance. This system of mutual robbery and rapine became generally prevalent throughout the whole line of the Marches, or borders; and it appears to have continued, without any material interruption, to a comparatively late period. These feuds became, at length, so destructive, that the most summary methods were resorted to by both parties, for the preservation of their lives and property. The dwellings of the English were surrounded by moats, and defended by palisades, and their cattle were driven every night into the fence thus constructed. For the intimidation of their predatory opponents, a gallows was erected in every frontier manor; and if any Welshman was unlucky enough to be captured beyond the line of demarcation between the two countries, he was immediately hanged upon the said gallows, and there suspended *in terrorem*, until another victim was ready to supply his place. Every town within the Marches had, also, "a horseman, ready equipped with a sword and spear," who was maintained for the express purpose of apprehending these marauders. On the other hand, the Welsh trusted for their safety to their own hardihood and activity, to the intricate recesses of their deep woods, as well as to the ruggedness of the mountain-fastnesses; and they did not fail to put in force the *lex talionis*, whenever

opportunity occurred, to its fullest and most rigorous extent.

In addition to these self-constituted measures, more than one statute was framed by the English parliament, for the special purpose of repressing the turbulent audacity of the mountaineers; but we cannot find that these had any influence upon their predatory habits; for, so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, the Welsh were actively exercising their marauding pastimes. About this time, the lieutenants of Oswestry and Powis Castles entered into a compact, to endeavour to restrain, within their own districts, these licentious and disgraceful practices. It was accordingly agreed, that if, after a certain day then specified, any person of either of these two lordships committed felony in another, he should be arrested, and sent to the lordship where the offence had been committed; and that, if any goods or cattle were stolen from either lordship, and conveyed into another, the tenantry or inhabitants of that lordship should be made either to pay for the same within fifteen days; or, otherwise, four of their principal men should remain in bail, or mainprize, till the property was paid for, or recovered. It does not appear, however, that the exertions of these officers effectually annihilated these "detestable malefacts," as they were called; for, amongst the records of the Drapers' Company, at Shrewsbury, there is the following minute:—"25 Elizabeth, anno 1583. Ordered, that no draper set out for Oswestry Market on Mondays, before six o'clock in the morning, on forfeiture of 6s. 8d.; and that they wear their weapons all the way, and go in company. Not to go over the Welsh bridge before the bell toll six." It is further recorded, that "William Jones, Esq. left to the said company II. 6s. 8d., to be paid annually to the Vicar of St. Alkmund's, for reading prayers on Monday mornings, before the drapers set out for Oswestry Market."

While the Welsh borderers were thus actively engaged in hostilities with their English neighbours, those in the interior of the country were occupied in that disgraceful contention, which we have already, in some part, described in the article on the History of the Gwedir Family. The sanguinary turbulence, which then existed, was, no doubt, occasioned as much by the contumacious disposition of the Welsh, as by the absence of all formal legislative interference; and well may we apply to these ferocious mountaineers, at this unhappy period, the forcible description of the Roman annalist,—"*Atrax praeliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sievum.*" Yet, from the midst of all this barbarous contention, sparks of rude and savage heroism occasionally flashed forth, shining with redoubled lustre in the deep gloom from which they were emitted. Several instances of such gallantry we have already related, and the following display fine traits of an indomitable and hardy spirit. In a feud, between Howel Vaughan and Griffith ab Gronw, the latter surrounded his foe's mansion with a numerous tribe of kindred and friends, and, after destroying the out-houses, commenced an assault upon the house itself, setting it on fire, with bundles of ignited straw.

The smoke of these combustible materials greatly annoyed the defendants, so that they crept under the tables and benches in the hall, nearly in a state of suffocation. During this scene of confusion and alarm, Howel Vaughan, then an old man, disdained to stoop his head, and stood valiantly in the middle of the hall, with his sword in his hand, and urging his panic-stricken men to fight. He bade them "arise, like men, for shame! for he had known as great a smoke in that hall upon a Christmas Eve!" He was, however, overpowered by numbers, and compelled, at length, to capitulate. The castle of Harlech, in Merionethshire, was defended, on one occasion, against the English by a brave fellow, named David Ab Einion, and it being the last fortress in Wales that held out against the enemy, the English general sent to demand its surrender, anticipating the ready compliance of the Welshman. But David was too sturdy a soldier to yield so quietly, and he determined to hazard a siege, although his garrison was miserably defective, in point both of numbers and provision. The king, therefore, despatched the Earl of Pembroke with an army to subdue him. After many toils and difficulties, Pembroke succeeded in marching his troops into the heart of the principality, and again the surrender of the castle was demanded, when the following bold and energetic answer was returned:—"No! we will not give up the castle; and you may tell your leader," said David, "that, some years ago, I held out a castle in France so long, that all the old women in Wales talked of it. I will now keep this Welsh castle so long that all the old women of France shall prate of it." And he *did* "keep" it, till all his provision was consumed, and famine was staring him, and his heroic band, in the face. He was then compelled to capitulate, but on honourable terms, the Earl of Pembroke engaging to use all his influence with the king for the safety of so brave a man. Camden has preserved the names of this heroic band; and it appears, that the garrison consisted of only *fifteen men*, which was the only human force opposed to an English army of upwards of three thousand men! "He was a most goodly personage," says the historian of Gwedir, speaking of David, "of great stature, (as may appear by the Welsh songs made unto him,) and most valiant withal. Besides the turnoils abroad, he sustained deadly feud (as the Northern man termeth it) at home at his door, a war more dangerous than the other."

A period at length arrived, when civilization began to spread itself even upon the wild and rugged mountains of Cambria; and the union of Wales with England, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, prepared the way for the abolition of those dark and disgraceful practices, which had hitherto prevailed so destructively in the former. This union was founded upon principles equally advantageous to both nations. It gave the utmost advancement (to borrow the words of Mr. Justice Blackstone) to the civil prosperity of the Welsh, by admitting them to a thorough communication of the laws with the people of England; and the great circum-spection which was used in the framing of the requisite ordinances, proved the real sincerity

of the monarch's intentions. "The king's highness," says the first statute, (26 Hen. VIII.) enacted for this purpose, "of a singular zeal, love, and favour, that he bears towards the subjects of his dominion of Wales, ordains, that his said country and dominion of Wales shall be for ever, henceforth, incorporated, united, and annexed to and with this his realm of England; and that all persons born, and to be born, in the said principality, country, and dominion of Wales, shall have, enjoy, and inherit all, and singular, freedoms, liberties, rights, privileges, and laws, within this his realm, as other of the king's subjects naturally born within the same, have, enjoy, and inherit." And, by a subsequent section of the same act, two members were to be returned to parliament for the county of Monmouth, and one for each of the shires in Wales, besides one burgh to be elected by every burgh, being a shire town, except the shire town of the county of Monmouth; and, finally, a commission was directed to be issued, "to such persons as to his highness shall seem convenient," to inquire into the laws, usages, and customs of Wales, and to certify the same to the king, in council. This latter provision seems to have been made in contemplation of an event, which, by the introduction of the English laws, and an impartial administration of justice throughout the principality, tended effectually to the total extirpation of the "lewd and detestable malefacts," which were daily perpetrated, "to the high displeasure of God, inquietation of the king's well-disposed subjects, and disturbance of the public weal." The event here alluded to, was the enacting of the statute of the 34th and 35th of the same reign,—a statute, which Mr. Barrington characterizes as containing a "most complete code of regulations for the administration of justice, framed with such precision and accuracy, that no one clause of it hath ever occasioned a doubt, or required explanation." By this edict, also, the counties of Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh, were added to Wales, and that of Monmouth to England. Wales now consisted of twelve shires, eight having been made by Edward, at the Conquest.

Many years, however, elapsed before the Welsh reaped the full advantage of these judicious measures. They were, at first, most obstinately averse to the adoption of the milder manners of their conquerors: but the abolition of the severe laws, enacted against them in former reigns, led them to think more favourably upon the English, and eventually, by associating more amicably with them, to adopt their manners and imitate their customs. The page of the historian, and the traditions of the country, are now the only proof of their vindictive enmity towards the English, and nearly all the traces of their fierce hostility are wiped away from the face of the earth. But, although this long-cherished animosity was at length annihilated, the Welsh continued in a state of considerable rudeness and simplicity for some time after they had been admitted to an equal participation in the laws and privileges of the English; and it was not till within these last sixty or seventy years that they be-

gan to imitate the more polished manners of their neighbours. If we may credit a reverend, though an anonymous, writer, we must form what many will term, a very lowly idea of Wales and her inhabitants, even so late as the middle of the last century. The following passage is transcribed from a rare tract, printed in 1769, the author of which has evinced no little zeal and ingenuity in endeavouring to prove the illegality and evil tendency of presenting to Welsh benefices incumbents totally ignorant of the language of their parishioners. "The greater part of Wales," writes this author, "by its situation and distance from the metropolis, is almost entirely excluded from the benefits of commerce. The product of the country is the chief, and almost the only, support of the natives: what remains, after supplying the home consumption, is exported. The money they receive in exchange for these commodities, serves them for the purposes of hospitality, not luxury. As money is not otherwise valuable than as it is the means of acquiring the necessaries and conveniences of life, they know no other use for it." If accumulations of gold and silver be the only criterion of wealth—then are they poor; if plenty is—then are they rich. Happy in finding an asylum among those impregnable fortresses, built by nature, which were formerly their security against the power, and since against the luxury of the English; environed on all sides by these, they enjoy tranquillity without indolence, liberty without licentiousness, and plenty without luxury. Thus, they experience a happiness unknown in better cultivated and more refined countries—a happiness which opulence can never purchase!"

This, exaggeration as it may appear, affords, we have no doubt, a tolerably correct view of the condition of the Welsh at the period in question. Even now, they are, for the most part (we speak more particularly of the peasants in the secluded districts of North Wales,) a rude and unpolished people; but their contumacious turbulence is softened down and transformed into kind, but rugged, courtesy. Nor have they forgotten the martial deeds and valiant exploits of their contentious forefathers, and the narration of their feuds and forays still

* The following curious Letter, from Sir Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn in Flintshire, to his neighbour, Piers Pennant, Esq. of Bychton, affords a striking proof of the value of money in Wales, in the seventeenth century.

"Mostyn, 1674.

"DEAR PYERS.—I hope you will excuse me for asking for the £4 you owe me for the pair of oxen; but I want the money to make up £20, to send my son to Oxford next week.

"I am, Dear Pyers, yours, &c.

"ROGER MOSTYN.

"Postscriptum—How does you head this morning? mine aches confoundedly."

At this time, money was so scarce, that four pounds was the price of a pair of oxen; and the Baronet of Mostyn (one of the richest individuals in North Wales) was contented with sending his heir apparent to the University with £20 in his pocket!

serves to while away the winter's evening in
the peasant's cottage.

Such themes inspire the Cambrian shepherd's
tale,

When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful
gale;

And constant wheels go round with whirling
din,

As by red ember-light the damsels spin :

Each chants, by turns, the song his soul ap-
proves,

And bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,

In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,

With tales of **ghosts**, that haunt unhallow'd
ground,

While, narrowing still, the circle closes round,
Till, shrinking pale from nameless cause of
fear,

Each peasant starts—his neighbour's voice to
hear.

RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.: ST.MARK'S EYE IN YORKSHIRE.

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RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

ST.MARK'S EVE IN YORKSHIRE.

AMONG the antiquities of Craven is a castle said to have been built by Robert de Romevile, in the days of

the Norman Conqueror, and very picturesquely situated on an ascent, from whence it overlooks the little town it once protected. The inhabitants of this town have not yet forgotten their

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former sexton, Old Ozias, a man whose anatomy might have been so correctly traced through its scanty covering, that he seemed created to instruct the physicians whose work he finished. A lean blind dog, a coarse coat of dark stone grey, as if intended to resemble the ancient building to which he belonged, and a strong staff, were this man's usual accompaniments; but he thought the first unnecessary when he celebrated the vigil of St. Mark's eve. At the eleventh hour of that mysterious vigil, Ozias ascended the long winding walk of a church-yard paved with monumental stones, and took his seat alone in the porch, having qualified himself by a long fast, or abstinence from solids at least, to claim the revelations allotted to St. Mark's eve, during which all who are destined to die before the next anniversary are seen entering the church in a shadowy and silent procession. Those to whom only a dangerous sickness is fated, are supposed to advance no farther than the gate. Such processions could not fail to be very interesting to the parish sexton, who never neglected this vigil, and was known to have predicted the deaths of several hypochondriac gentlemen and aged ladies with surprising exactness, though some suspected his prophecies hastened, and probably caused, their own confirmation. Therefore Ozias sat in the church-porch with more hope than fear; but neither the fumes of his last cup, nor his anxious fancy, created any spectres; and he looked down the long street which ascends to the church without seeing a single door open to send forth a visitor. The clock had begun to strike twelve, and the sexton was rising with a sigh of despair, when three male figures in dark cloaks, and one in female attire, appeared at the gate of the castle which flanked the church, and slowly descended towards the walk of the dead. Notwithstanding Ozias's familiarity with St. Mark's spectres, and the benefit they promised him, he could not see this distinct and solemn procession without trembling: and when the church-yard gate opened, he shrunk into the darkest corner of the

porch. But the persons whom these shadows represented were not destined to die within twelve months, for they paused there, and returned to the castle in the same slow and silent manner. The last stroke of the clock had sounded, and Ozias, knowing the prophetic hour was past, left his seat in the porch, and crept home with more terror and surprise than he dared confess. The inhabitants of the castle were at that period only the steward and his wife, two daughters, as many maid-servants, and one man. How, then could a procession of three males and one female be supposed to represent this family?—Ozias canvassed this question in his own mind; and not willing to lose the possible benefit of a prediction, he whispered to his wife, that he had seen certain apparitions boding ill to the noble owner of the castle. The whisper circulated as usual, for the sexton's lady had a head too full of chinks to hold any thing, and her prophetic hints on such occasions were marvellously useful to her husband. The Stewardess of De Romeville's castle had unfortunately a stupendous petticoat of homespun cloth to quilt about this time, and collected, according to antient custom, all the good wives of the town to assist in the work, and enjoy some exquisite hyson. While the household damsels enlivened their supper by ducking for apples* and hunting the ring in a bowl of plum posset, the terrible tale of St. Mark's eve was related at the upper table. Walter Lambert, the seneschal or steward of the domain, heard it with a shrewd smile of contempt, but, unlike other hearers, he considered that a mere invention of old Ozias would have had more likelihood and shew of truth. Taking its improbability as a proof of some real fact concealed beneath it, and having perhaps a few secret reasons, he resolved to watch the castle-gate himself that night. His family went to bed at the customary

* Shakspeare alludes to this custom, when his Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, says,

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab."

hour of nine, and Lambert, wrapped in a very long and dark roquelaure, concealed himself near the portcullis. This castle, well deserving the motto "Desormais," inscribed over its gate, was still remarkable for the extent and strength of its walls, which enclosed a square court open to the moon beams. As if to avoid them, he perceived a female walking on the north side of this court; but when or how she entered, his eyes could not inform him. Presently three other figures, such as Ozias had described, followed her slowly one by one till they disappeared. Walter was a brave and sagacious man, but he lived in the middle of the eighteenth century. He was affected by the dimness and solitude of the hour, by the soundless and solemn tread of these figures, and especially by the resemblance of the female one to a person long since dead. Yet he remembered that earthly forms might have found a passage through the north side of the court to a terrace which bordered it. He made haste through that passage, and saw these strange spectres gliding down a descent almost beyond human tread, among elms that have grown for ages on the shelves of the steep, towards the river that washes their roots. Lambert grew dizzy as he looked into the tremendous chasm, and asked himself if he only dreamed. The crash of one of these old elms' branches, convinced him that more than shadows were endeavouring to descend; and a sudden thought taught him another mode of acting. The narrow river which found its way, almost invisibly, under the steep terrace, had a communication with a canal lately dug; and any boat which attempted to pass might be stopped at the first lock. Walter ran with the speed of an alarmed father by another road to the banks of the canal, considering himself certain that the groupe he had seen, if they were fugitives, would be compelled to pass that way. He waited at the first lock till his impatience grew to agony: he walked on the narrow pathway, among rocks and weeds, till he reached the hollow under the castle-terrace where

he had seen them descending. Not a trace of boat or passengers could be found. Not a branch had been broken from the magnificent elms that almost overtop the castle, nor was there the print of a single footstep on the declivity of the moist bank. The dead leaves lay thick and undisturbed, and some lilies which grew at the water's edge hung in clusters too full and extensive to have permitted swimmers or a boat. He returned to the castle-court in extreme agitation. He placed a ladder against the window of his daughter's bed-chamber, where a watch-light always burned; and looking in, perceived both his children asleep in their respective beds. This spectacle completed his confusion, though it calmed his worst fears, and he went to his own room almost converted to superstition.

Those who have resided in the North know that sales of cattle were managed there about the year 1752 in a mode very different from the present. At that period deputies were chosen by the farmers of certain townships or districts, and these deputies chose from among themselves a commissioner of sufficient skill and probity, to purchase in the Highlands, or elsewhere, the required number of cattle. When it was collected, and divided into proportionable lots, the deputies assembled on the place where their cattle stood, and each gave a piece of copper coin to one of the drovers, who tossed them in his bonnet, and threw each piece towards a lot of cattle. The farmers abided by this chance, and received the lot to which their deputy's piece of money had been thrown. Walter Lambert, having been selected to attend this animal lottery as a representative of the wealthiest salesman in his district, was compelled to leave home a few hours after his midnight adventure: and as the allotment of so many hundreds necessarily took place on a very extensive moor, his imagination shaped some fearful presentiments of personal danger. But he forbore to alarm his good dame's superstition, and contented himself with strictly charging her to lock the castle gates with her own hands,

and deposit the keys under her pillow. No commands could be received with more intention to obey; but as the nights were cold, and the court-yard gloomy, Dame Lambert entrusted the office to her deputy in many important matters, a faithful servant who had held her trust forty years; not in the fashion of a modern domestic, but like an ancient Yorkshire handmaiden, making oatmeal pottage at five o'clock in the morning, knitting hose for all the family, and spinning fine wool or thread for future gowns, by her good mistress's side, on the kitchen *long-settle*, or wooden settee, without any relaxation, except a quarterly dance at a feast in silver-buckled shoes and an everlasting chintz, or a lover's visit on the morning appropriated to the three joint labours of washing, baking, and brewing. Therefore it is not surprising that Susan Pate was the repository of village superstitions, and the oracle of the young castle-damsels in all matters of legend and tradition. Nor did she affect much displeasure when her master's eldest daughter whispered in her ear, "Nurse Susan, my father will return to-morrow night, and I have not yet found an ash-leaf with two points, or pulled an ivy-leaf with the ditty you taught me.* If you will wear my night-dress and sleep in my place to-night, my little sister will not miss me while I go in search of them." Nobody understood the importance of these ceremonies better than ancient Susan, or had assisted oftener in compounding the mysterious cake on St. Agnes's eve, though with very little success for herself. Proud of any share in matters which flatter the human heart's self-love so gracefully, by connecting its wishes with the powers of unseen spirits, Susan obeyed her foster-child's injunctions of secrecy, and crept unsuspected into the chamber appropriated to Edith and Margaret Lambert. She lay couched in some fear of detection, and without daring to

speak to the other occupant, whose sleep was profound. But in the most dreaded and witching hour of night, the door opened gently, and a female form approached the impostor's bed. The rustling of long yellow silk garments, a pompoon of diamonds prodigiously elevated on a battalion of white curls, and an apron of stiff point-lace, announced Lady Ann Pembroke, whose spirit has never ceased to molest her favourite castle since the days of Dr. Donne. Even the apparition of a brocade negligèe has the privilege of rustling, and poor Susan, trembling under the massy velvet counterpane, never doubted that Lady Ann came to rebuke her for profaning a bed once consecrated to her family. But the spectre, after waving her fan thrice, bent her head to the pillow—"It is time!—come instantly, and in silence!"—Not ever the courage of an old practitioner in charms and mysteries could have resisted this summons, if Susan had not remembered certain legends concerning a coffer of gold supposed to have lain under these walls since the death of Charles the Second; and some hopes of being an agent in revealing it, mingled with great fears of awaking the innocent and unconscious sleeper in the adjoining bed, induced an attempt to rise. Lady Ann's menacing gestures rebuked her delay; and covering herself in the velvet counterpane, she made another effort, which the vigorous spirit aided by snatching her up, muffling her head completely in the heavy velvet, and carrying her out of the room. Probably two or three other goblins of Lady Ann's acquaintance were in readiness, for the unfortunate damsel was carried through innumerable galleries and windings till the fresh air was permitted to reach her face. Then by a dim star-light she perceived herself on the verge of that tremendous precipice shrouded by interwoven elms behind the castle. Remembering that a poor miller was supposed to have perished there, either in desperate love of her or of too much ale, she apprehended that these spectres came to execute retributive justice by hurling her down. Her

* "Ivy-leaf, ivy-leaf, I pluck thee!

I love one, and one loves me!

To-night may I see, and to-morrow ken

Thim from among all mortal men."

shrieks and protestations of regret for Robin's fate were stifled by Lady Pembroke and her companions till they had reached the river's edge, and placed her in a boat. But her cries and struggles could be controlled no longer, and at the instant that Lady Ann's representative tore off his fantastic attire, and seized an oar, a pistol-ball from the shore entered his forehead, and he fell lifeless into the water. Susan was not so completely stupified by this scene as to be incapable of perceiving that his assistants fled among the trees; but her dismay was greater when she heard the voice of her master. She made but one leap from the boat to the bank, scrambled up the knottiest elm, and remained concealed by the friendly help of her dark green velvet mantle till the terrible voice was heard no more.

Walter Lambert, haunted by vague and dismal forebodings, had returned from Bossmoor a night sooner than he had promised, to renew his watch under the castle-terrace. He saw the boat, the struggle, and the female figures; and had three times summoned the boatmen unregarded before he discharged his pistol. Then all the groupe seemed to vanish as if by magic: he plunged among the elms, calling on his daughter: and failing in his efforts to obtain a reply, or to discover any one, he returned to the disastrous bank. The boat had disappeared, the body of the fallen man was no where visible—he searched the shallow water with his staff, unmindful of his own danger, till another and more urgent curiosity seized him. He entered by a private postern and a master-key into his daughter's apartment, and again found both in perfect repose. Not a stain of night-dew or of blood was on the night-dress of either; yet the female he had seen wore Edith's garments, and he was very certain that she could not have preceded him into the castle. At day-break he caused the water to be dragged; but the whole transaction was either a dream, or had left no trace behind.

Whatever might be the truth, Lambert understood human nature too well

to imagine he should gain any thing by enquiries. If his daughter Edith had concern in it, secret shame and regret would be her punishment: and his forbearance, added to the tenderness he meant to shew her, might give a sacred claim on her filial duty. He had too little confidence in his wife's strength of intellect to trust her with a secret which could only involve her in fears on his account, and anguish on her child's: and especially he feared to sully the mind and disturb the peace of his favourite daughter by a suspicion of her sister's guilt. Margaret, or as he was more accustomed to call her, his Pearl, was indeed a creature of such delicacy as seemed fit only to repose like a jewel among down. The appellation she bore was suited to her exterior no less than to her character, for her complexion had that pearly paleness and transparency so admired in Guido's beauties, and so expressively adapted to the soft tint of her eyes and the lucid serenity of her temper. She was only in her fifteenth year, little more than half the age of her sister, whose shrewish and adventurous disposition rendered the tenderness of this gentle child more balmy to the father. He had secluded her from the common society of a prattling village, partly from jealous fear of losing the last comfort of his age, and partly from a more generous dread of seeing the exquisite innocence of her youth degraded. Perhaps this seclusion now began to grow painful, or it had disposed her mind to seek society among the wild creations of ancient romance; for though the simplicity and openness of her conversation were undiminished, it became more inquisitive, and tinged sometimes with superstition. Lambert had begun to congratulate himself on the caution he had observed respecting the adventure of St. Mark's eve, and the entire oblivion in which it appeared to rest, when old Ozias came to claim an audience. The anniversary of that eve had arrived again, and he had seen his own spectre sitting in the church-porch, with his lean dog, his grey coat, and his staff! Lambert heard the story

with derision, and almost execrations. —“Sir,” the Sexton added, “if I am not to be believed when I see my own ghost, you will believe, may-hap, when you see the letters it has carved on your family tomb-stone.”—The father grew pale, though he disdained to admit the possibility of letters carved on stone by a chisel of air; but he visited the church, and saw the blank left on his family’s monumental tablet filled up with his beloved daughter’s name. He was struck with horror at this trace of the visionary sexton’s visit, and determined to remove his Margaret to the healthy and pleasant valley of Dent, beyond the reach of those baleful rumours which this occurrence might create. He proposed the journey, but either the visions of old Ozias or the force of destiny had reached her. She lost even the faint bloom that had mingled with the pearl colour of her cheeks, and the spirit and strength of her frame departed. She told beautiful dreams, and seemed to have peopled every place in her imagination with lovely and benevolent spirits. But the most remarkable particular was, that many of these affecting dreams were realized. She would sometimes pause in the woods, as if to listen, and assure her mother or her sister that some fairy gift awaited her. Often a few hours after, a basket of flowers or a knot of silver tissue would be found in her apartment; but when her sister took either into her possession, the basket was always said to be filled with vervain, or St. John’s wort, and the silver gauze twined round an adder-stone. These accidents were carefully concealed from the incredulous father; but the mother, the sister, and the household servants, found ample subject for conjecture in occurrences so nearly resembling fairy legends. And the learned neighbours compared her to Alice Pearson and Anne Jefferies, celebrated in 1586 and 1626 for visiting the “little green people” when they seemed quietly in bed. Many tried to disenchant her by the touch of gilliflowers, whose power against sorcery is famous, or of those holy ever-

greens which protect us from evil spirits at Christmas. Nurse Susan, who had returned unsuspected to her post in the family, almost believed the flowers were fresher and the wild birds more familiar in Margaret’s walks; and often hid her silver ring under the lovely dreamer’s pillow, as if to borrow some part of the mysterious sanctity which seemed to attend her.

On the third anniversary of St. Mark’s eve, when Lambert began, as usual, his solitary journey to Bossmoor, his favourite daughter’s moodiness changed to melancholy. She sent for her mother to her bed-side, and solemnly enjoining secrecy, begged that when her death occurred, she might be buried in the stone coffin of Sir John Wardell of Wharfdale, which lay in the vaults of De Romevile. Being urged to explain the motive of this wish, she replied, with a singular light in her pale blue eyes, that she knew by the spirit of divination, lately granted to her, how her fate was linked with the family of the castle. “I also know,” she added, “the moment of my death is not far distant, and I am desirous to commune with their chaplain.”—Her mother, whose imagination was alive to all supernatural things, listened with awe and astonishment to this intimation, but did not forget to ask why her daughter preferred a clergyman wholly unknown to her. She repeated her former words, only enforcing them with these—“In two hours it may be too late.”—Human nature, always aspiring to something greater than itself, finds a kind of loveliness in mystery. Dame Lambert was touched and elevated rather than alarmed. She despatched her only manservant for the chaplain of Earl Romevile, whose more modern residence was not distant, and they returned together before midnight. Margaret received the clergyman alone in her chamber, where they held a long and secret conference; after which he obeyed her mother’s request for an interview. He looked pale, evidently agitated, and, after several attempts to evade the anxious enquiries addressed to him, replied, in a very grave tone—“I am

not certain, madam, whether I ought to discredit all the extraordinary things I have heard to-night, or impute them to that heat of fancy which is either the cause or effect of pretended divinations. Your daughter has confessed to me the particulars of a certain ceremony, by which, on St. Mark's eve, the ignorant women of this district hope to acquire information from ash-leaves of a peculiar shape, or the ivy-leaf plucked with a strange carol. She has been shewn, it seems, the ancient picture of Rosamond de Clifford in this castle, and told the prophecy which hints, that when as much beauty is found in any living inhabitant, another mistress will appear in it. It cannot be denied that Margaret Lambert most nearly resembles the charming countenance of fair Rosamond, and with such inferences and expectations she probably fell asleep. Her dream was strikingly circumstantial. She imagined herself led by the celebrated phantom of Lady Ann Pembroke, my patron's noble ancestor, into the gallery of pictures, where she saw herself in the ancient garments of fair Rosamond, and afterwards laid in the stone coffin of Sir John Wardell, whose loyalty and courage in the cause of Charles the Martyr lost him his estates. Pardon me if I think the rest of your daughter's narrative only a continuation of her dream. She tells me that her curiosity, excited by this mysterious representation of her fate, induced her to procure a dog, a coat, and a staff, not unlike old Ozias's, and to keep herself the vigil of St. Mark. She obtained the keys of the church from his wife, seated herself near the porch, and saw three men enter with a sack, which they carried towards the chancel, and raising the entrance-stone of De Romeville's vault, descended with it. She had, or dreamed that she had, courage enough to wait their departure, after which one of the keys lent to her by the sexton's wife admitted her into the cemetery. There the lantern which she had concealed under her cloak discovered traces of men's feet about the stone coffin inscribed with the name of our unfortunate Royalist. She saw through a crevice in the wall behind a

kind of cavern crowded with beings of *no human shape*, but of what description I can by no means persuade her to confess, and it seems as if she dared not devise a name for them. The coffin lid was imperfectly placed, and she discerned beneath it a sack whose shape indicated that it contained a human body. She had courage enough to look farther, and saw a large crevice in another receptacle of the dead which seemed to have been disturbed. It was filled with plate, jewels, and old coin, from which she only ventured to select one small gold ring, as a token of the reality of her adventure. She has shewn it to me. It is a marriage-ring, but certainly bears the initials of the Romeville family, and a very ancient motto. It is possible, however, to have obtained such a ring by an occurrence which I forbear to name, though I think myself justified in suspecting it. Any thing, in short, is more possible or probable than a scene so romantic; and I recommend the most profound secrecy respecting what appears to me only the creation of a mind distracted by its own fervour."—Whatever might be the wisdom of this advice, it was accepted, and Margaret saw her communication unnoticed. She sunk into more eccentric musings, often absented herself for an hour, an evening, or a whole day; and though it was certain that she never quitted her apartment, she told strange and circumstantial tales of the rich scenes and beautiful beings she had visited. By degrees she accustomed herself to hoard food and tapers in a cabinet or oratory, in which she lived secluded so often, that her absence ceased to alarm. On the fourth anniversary of St. Mark's vigil, Walter's anxiety determined him to break open the door of his daughter's mysterious retreat, but he found it empty. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since he had seen her, and his terror became inexpressible. It was increased by a summons requiring him to come instantly to his patron's residence. He went almost maddened with agony for his daughter's fate, and his surprise cannot be expressed in words when he found Earl Romeville seated in his saloon

with Margaret at his right hand. The first thought that glanced across the father's mind, was a vague hope that the beautiful semblance of Rosamond de Clifford had been elevated to the rank obscurely prophesied. He was confirmed in this pleasant expectation when his daughter threw herself at his feet, and entreated pardon for her dissimulation; and he stood doubtful whether to feel ennobled or humbled, till his patron said, "I owe much, Lambert, to your long fidelity, and more to your daughter's courage. Your own obligation to her is still greater, but I hope to repay both. Notwithstanding your zealous care, a desperate knot of adventurers have established their rendezvous for stolen cattle under my castle. Their leader recommended himself to your eldest daughter's favour but her courage failed her three times when the plan of their elopement was contrived. Even your Pearl appears to have had some blemish of superstitious credulity, since she concealed herself in the sexton's chair on St. Mark's eve to know her fate. It was sufficiently punished. The persons whose midnight visit she detected, discovered her in the church, and bound her secrecy by a frightful oath, and a threat of exposing the murder committed by her father. The body of her sister's lover lay in the cemetery; and this extraordinary girl, equally reluctant to hazard the life of

her parent or the fair fame of her sister by violating her oath, devised a tale to awaken my chaplain's curiosity. It failed; and after contriving to delude the spies that watched her, by affected seclusion, she came hither alone, on foot and at midnight, to confess the whole to me, and beseech my protection for you both. I have sent trusty messengers to search the vault, and they have found, as she asserted, a dead robber in one of my ancestor's coffins: and another filled with the plate and jewels which were stolen from me some years ago. These, or at least their amount, I design for her dowry; and if old Ozias renews his vigil on this eve of St. Mark, he will probably see the spectres of all the robbers on their way to the gallows."

"Truly," said the Provost, laughing, when the Lady of Dent had finished her tale, "the gallant Lord of Roineville did well to set his pearl in gold; but I expected to have seen his ancestor's nuptial ring employed to a better purpose. As usual, sister, all the mischief in your story resulted from women; and I have always thought the influence of superstition, and of Eve's daughters very much alike. Fools deny it openly, but wise men hardly escape from it."

V.

[“The Glen of Green Spirits,” which should have preceded “The Eve of St. Mark’s,” was accidentally mislaid. It will be given in our next.]